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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George perhaps hopes to bully his Budget through the House; as Lord Randolph said of Sir William Harcourt. But has he the staying power? He will find it means not merely an all-night but an all-the-Session affair. If he dropped out five type-written sheets of his speech in the first evening, how many will he be forced to drop out in the first month or so? To the gag, of course, every Minister with a big Bill must come in the end. A truth about the Mother of Parliaments is this—she sets small store to-day by free speech: there is not a vast deal to choose between parties in this. But Mr. Lloyd George shows us the gag before he shows us the Bill.

In the stifled debates on the land taxes this week Mr. Lloyd George did not get much the better of it in his bout with Mr. Pretyma; and by Mr. Harold Cox he was worsted not only in logic but in wit. We are rather puzzled to know in what school of economics Mr. Cox learnt to be so witty. One has followed him more or less for the last sixteen or seventeen years; and, if it may be said without offence, about the only thing one recognises in the Harold Cox of to-day that was noted in the Harold Cox of 1892 or 1893 is a pink tie. His speech on Wednesday was the cleverest speech on the Budget that has yet been spoken or read. With a deadly logic he showed the injustice and the folly of punishing a man particularly because a man holds land. The talk about the crime of "locking up" land is the talk of cant or of ignorance. It is not more a crime to lock up land which belongs to you than to lock up a house or stable that belongs to you. As a fact, however, English landowners don't lock up their land. They can't afford to.

Mr. Cox got in a wicked thrust, too, at the Labour party. He described them as the party that wanted to keep their own cake and eat the cake of others. The landowner, forsooth, must not hold up land for a profit, whereas the cotton spinner may hold up cotton and the labourer may hold up labour. But the bedrock fact of these proposals has really and truly nought to do with logic or what is termed justice. Sixteen millions is wanted, and the idea is to get it out of the sheep that seems fittest to fleece. The logic and justice may be all with the sheep, but, unhappily, that does not avail him.

For fixing the new Excise duties on the brewers and distillers and the sellers of liquor Mr. Lloyd George proposed a resolution which took five minutes to read. It was passed, but after all it does not really give much guidance as to what the duties actually proposed in the Finance Bill will ultimately be. At present the Government plainly does not know how it is going to settle the questions as to the comparative treatment of public-houses, hotels and various kinds of clubs. The debate was crammed with points taken against the resolution, but it has passed without the House knowing what view the Government took. The answer always was that the modification will appear in the Finance Bill. There are several alternative plans for taxing such hotels as the Savoy or Cecil or Ritz, just as the tax on clubs may be on the amount of liquor sold or the amount purchased; but on which the Government will decide is kept dark.

None of the speakers who understand the subject believes that the Government is putting a duty on imported beer equal to the tax on British beer. Anyhow it does not intend to do for beer what is done for cocoa. But the most curious point about the Budget is that, according to Mr. Samuel, the liquor trade is taking advantage of it to get out of the consumer considerably more on spirits than the amount which goes into the Treasury. So this Free Trade Budget actually sins against the great canon of Free Trade taxation, that the proceeds of a tax should all go into the Exchequer. As to the clubs, the Government are not going to deal with them so as to put them on an equitable footing with public-houses.

Our experience of the Conservative clubs in Pall Mall and S. James' is that everybody is calling for "China tea" in the afternoon. Mr. Lyttelton suggested in the debate that nerves are better in Northumberland Avenue. We are surprised to hear it, and should have believed that the fieriest drink called for—at the Whitehall Gardens end at any rate—would ordinarily be barley-water or Idris. However, the Irish Nationalists are numerous during the Session in that part of the world, and perhaps they make the difference. In future at the N.L.C. your drink will cost you more, thanks to a Liberal Government.

What a queer game is politics! This not very novel reflection is suggested by the spectacle, witnessed on Tuesday night in the House of Commons, of Mr. Lloyd George ordering Mr. Haldane to do his work and take his place at the table in shepherding the new taxes on land. Ten years ago, nay five years ago, Mr. Lloyd George was a solicitor with a provincial practice, and Mr. Haldane was a leader of the Chancery Bar, requiring a "special" fee for his services. In a conference or consultation, by the etiquette of the profession, the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George towards Mr. Haldane would have been one of extreme deference, not to say humility. Some leaders at the Bar treat solicitors like dirt beneath their feet. We remember Sir Charles Russell, at a conference, asking "What damned rogue of an attorney has drawn this defence?" To-day how are the values of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Haldane changed! Their positions are reversed, and Mr. George as Chancellor of the Exchequer deposes the Secretary for War to do his work!

Meantime Mr. George has got into trouble by obliging the newspapers too kindly. When there is a hitch over some knotty point in the Budget he sends not for an old hand at the Treasury, but for one of the young men at Carmelite House. He interviews the press, or the press interviews him—one is not quite sure which—and the result is the people aggrieved by the Budget are advised to go, not to Mr. Austen Chamberlain (who is described as only a politician) but straight to Mr. Lloyd George himself, who is a man of business and common-sense, Sir. We should have thought a Chancellor of the Exchequer would be only too glad if aggrieved people went to anyone save himself. But Mr. Lloyd George was always so "accessible" and unconventional.

It does sometimes happen that when a member becomes a Minister he walks through the Lobby with his nose in the air, forgetting all about the pressmen standing there for hours patiently on one leg. He fed them full with paragraphs generously for years, it may be; and they, in return, fed him full by putting those paragraphs in the papers; but now all those tender passages are in office forgot. Mr. Lloyd George, however, does not study the sanctity of office. He still interviews, or is interviewed; and the agony of staid Treasury officials must be great. The old complaint was that Conservative Ministers supplied the House of Lords with important information before they supplied the House of Commons: the new complaint is that Radical Ministers supply the "Daily Mail" before they supply the House of Commons.

The payment-of-members resolution was beautifully timed; and, to make the thing perfect, it was spatch-cocked between two stiff new taxation resolutions! "It's your money we want." The Labour members and the Radicals say that payment of members would make the M.P. more independent. Possibly. But why should the taxpayer be heavily fined that our ambitious politicians with an eye to the main chance may be made independent.

Mr. Henderson spoke eloquently about this proposal—a man well may be eloquent in proposing "Our noble selves". Those sticklers, the judges, have declared that the forced levy on trade unionists for the luxury of having representatives in Parliament is illegal. So Mr. Hender-

son thinks it would be a capital plan to shift this burden on to the patient ass instead. Mr. Harcourt spoke for the resolution. There is no end to the generosity, with the public purse, of some rich men. Three hundred a year is the sum suggested. Having voted the deserving poor of over seventy years old five bob a week, these M.P.s propose to vote their deserving selves six pounds a week. Now this is what some would call splendid pauperism.

Mr. Harcourt very legitimately snubbed the hon. member who would have him allow riders to invade Kensington Gardens—by prescriptive right the children's park. The plea of members' health and the need of more extended exercise-ground was effectively, if a little pompously, repelled. "I attach more importance to keeping the children in Kensington Gardens in good health." Mr. Rees is an excellent member of the House, and should not expose himself to easy and deserved snubs of this kind.

The Roman Catholic Disabilities Removal Bill, which was read a second time in the House of Commons yesterday, should at last have a good chance of passing. It is not yet late in the Session, and the Prime Minister blessed the Bill altogether. One can hardly see how any person who has taken the trouble to understand the Bill, and the matters it deals with, can oppose it. We can never understand the mind of the Protestant who has no objection to a Jew, Turk, infidel or heretic holding the office of Lord Chancellor or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but who waxes furious at the idea of a Roman Catholic Christian doing it. This, however, is the exact effect of the present law. The question of the Declaration is not so obvious. But really the Declaration in no way strengthens the law in securing the Protestant succession; and some of its terms are untrue and grossly offensive. It is certainly time this Bill was passed.

"The Cause" has split again, and only a few hours after Mr. Gwynn's letter from "the Irish Press Agency" to the "Morning Post" denying all possible splits—rough work this for a man of fine instincts. After the usual abuse of one another in the sacred name of "the Cause", a majority kept Mr. Maurice Healy out of the party on Wednesday, as if afraid that his excellent character might tempt the British to give Home Rule, and thereby ruin the Home Rulers. This makes three splits together—Cork, Connaught, and "the Molly Maguires"—not to mention the atomic repulsion that pervades the whole organism. How the lovers of Ireland hate one another! Meantime the money to the end of April is only about half what it was last year—"United, we fatten; divided, we starve".

Since the splits began to multiply so fast, and the atoms to repel so repulsively, Mr. Dillon has taken an increased interest in "the Navy", and Mr. Redmond's oratory this week in the north has been quite concerned about "the welfare of the Empire", into which he wants to fit Ireland cosily. Is this a headline from the Hierarchy, or is it to get ahead of the Imperial Home Rulers? It is likely that some remnant of Ireland's life must survive its organisation; and the nearer the end, the surer the crisis, which, when it comes, must be awkward for the organisers unless they can prolong the illusion of service in a new shape. In any case, the golden nexus with Irish America is nearly gone, and "the Cause" has always inflated its language with the weight of its purse.

We wonder whether the House of Lords was somewhere well at the back of the Prime Minister's mind when he spoke about the Port of London. "Institutions," said he, "like men, are justified by the length and fruitfulness of their days." The Lords, like the Corporation of the City of London, have lasted pretty long; they have been fruitful too—even the strongest Radical will allow they have been that. Twenty years ago what leader of a Liberal party would have dared to say a kind word, as on Tuesday Mr. Asquith dared, of the Corporation? We may yet (who knows?) hear a Liberal thank God for another place.

Mr. Asquith, by the way, made a delightful speech on this occasion, the Lord Mayor's luncheon to the Port of London Authority. His literary quotations always point to a fine taste. He gave those perfect lines of Denham on the Thames—

"Though deep yet clear; though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without overflowing, full"—

and commended them as a motto for the governing body. They make a good motto for any governing body or any man. We remember hearing them applied to Mr. Asquith's chief friend and colleague in the Government. Denham, like Waller, lives for ever in literature on the strength of a very few lines.

A little while ago Mr. Haldane was thought by the peace-at-any-price Radicals to be guilty of "the cant of patriotism". On Monday it was clearly the other way on—he was found guilty by the Imperialists of the recant of patriotism. Mr. Ashley wants a waving of the Union Jack on Empire Day. But the only flag which Ministers are inclined to run up at the moment is a black one—with the skull and crossbones of the landowners. Hence Mr. Haldane declared that he disliked "immodest" patriotism. He got cheers from Radicals below the gangway—quite a singular experience for Mr. Haldane.

New Zealand, Australia, Canada and the Transvaal have accepted the invitation to attend the Imperial defence conference. No doubt naval affairs will mainly occupy the attention of the conference, but we hope it will not forget the military side. We know already that Australian opinion on the matter of compulsory military training is in advance of ours; and we trust the question will be raised. It is interesting to hear that Lord Kitchener is to visit Canada on the completion of his tour of duty in India; and it is said that he is to be entrusted by the home authorities with a mission to inquire into the defence problem of the Dominion.

The draft South African Constitution, which was finally approved on Tuesday for despatch to England, has been amended for the worse. No doubt, as Lord Selborne anticipates, it will be unopposed in England, but the most interesting experiment, as well as the guarantee of minority rights—no small thing in a country of two races like South Africa—has been dropped out. Two or three months ago General Smuts said he considered proportional representation would do much to allay racial feeling. Was that the reason why Cape Colony decided on amendments to escape which the Convention dropped a provision approved in England by many besides Lord Courtney? United South Africa, with a perfectly clean electoral and constitutional slate, would have afforded a better object-lesson in the working of proportional representation than a country with older political traditions.

The trial of the Bengal anarchists has come to an end at last. It began a year ago, and had long ceased to attract attention except as a scandal to judicial procedure in Calcutta. Out of thirty-three prisoners only seven were found guilty by the two Bengali assessors. But the judge, who is not bound by the verdict of the assessors, has condemned five or six more. The punishments varied from death to a year's imprisonment. The notorious Arabindo Ghose, who has figured most prominently all through, was acquitted, but his brother Baren has been condemned to death. In another very important political case of gang robbery and murder the prosecution has failed completely. Nobody was convicted. These trials alone more than justify the deportations—a much more effective plan.

In Russia there is much political uncertainty just now. M. Stolypin's position has become very difficult. The veto of the Naval Bill by the Tsar was necessarily a great shock to the Ministry's prestige. It is true the Tsar has refused to accept M. Stolypin's resignation, and this might prevent the veto of the Naval Bill

adversely affecting M. Stolypin's personal position. Still the Ministry's authority with the Douma seems to have been gravely weakened. This is a pity, for M. Stolypin has at any rate been able to make the new order work, and no one else has. M. Stolypin has kept the revolutionists well under, at the same time that he has got the centre party of the Douma to work with him. His courage and ability have been great. The alternative to M. Stolypin is said to be Count Witte. He too has in his time done Russia very good service. But can he get the Douma to work with him?

In a telegram from Vienna the "Times" reports an interview between a European diplomatist and a member of the Young Turk Committee. The Young Turks "consider the situation very dark and confused, in view of the inability of the great mass of the people to comprehend the aims of the new régime". As Constantinople is under military law, and on Wednesday twenty-two more wretches were hanged publicly after sentence by court-martial, we do not wonder that the people are vague about the meaning of constitutionalism. The military chiefs were hanging people without troubling to bring trifles of this sort before the Sultan until he reminded them that this was neither constitutionalism nor any other form of regular government. The army has now got Mehemet V. girded with the sword of Osman, so it can act through a Sultan invested with all the traditional forms. The accounts of the bearing of the populace at the ceremony show that it is submitting sullenly to force majeure. It submits not because there is a sham Constitution, but because soldiers are the masters of their creature the new Sultan.

Early accounts of the postal strike in Paris varied remarkably. The great meetings held in Paris and the reports from the provinces were believed to show that the strike would be started with enthusiasm and with prospects of success. Then in a few hours everything changed; and it must now be taken that the postal servants have shrunk from the contest, and with that the fear of a general strike goes. The Government had made extraordinary provision against the danger, and had organised soldiery and arranged with private bodies for the service to be carried on. They have nonplussed the strikers from the start. The hatred of the Government expressed in the many speeches no doubt remains; and it is probable that, as the defeat has been owing to lack of organisation between Paris and the provinces, the object will now be to prepare for the more deadly grip in the future between the Government and its many classes of disaffected servants.

Mr. Balfour on Wednesday laid the foundation stone of the new Scottish National Church in Covent Garden. The church is on the site of the original church founded three or four years after the union of England and Scotland, and it became the religious centre for Scotsmen who then flocked to London. Mr. Balfour had much to say that was interesting on the historic associations of the church. His reference to Dr. Cumming, who was its minister from 1832 to 1879, will remind many of his famous prophecies and expositions of Daniel and the Apocalypse.

They will remember, too, the alarm his prognostics of the end of the world caused in their boyhood. He seasoned us; and similar prophecies afterwards lost their terrors. Dr. Cumming was the most popular preacher in London, and it is remarkable that as a preacher he succeeded to the fame of another Scotsman in London. This was Edward Irving, Carlyle's friend; and he too was famous for prophecies and Apocalyptic interpretations. He was deposed by the Presbytery of Annan from the church in Regent's Square in the same year that Dr. Cumming went to the Covent Garden church.

It is very rarely that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Isaacs are on the same side. In the china fraud trial they got a verdict for over £10,000; but their client's case was so easy that their strength seemed like a

Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut. There was hardly any fight on behalf of the defendant; though the charges, according to the judge, were so serious that if the jury believed them they ought to be tried in a criminal court. Mr. Dickins gave £100,000 for china, most of which was suspected, at Christie's, and, as that purchased from Mr. Ellis was only a small part, transactions with other dealers may still be overhauled. Straight dealers will welcome further inquiries. The trial shows, to use Mr. Justice Grantham's not very novel metaphor, that there is an Augean stable of dealers to be swept out.

Mr. Bernard Shaw was wholly serious—he usually is, and therefore is generally taken to be in jest—when he said in his letter to the "Times" the other day that the theatre is not a place of amusement. He must be a captious Englishman indeed who would quarrel with that judgment. But it is a place of education, says Mr. Shaw, the only place. Very likely it is more of a place of education than most schools. Therefore certainly let us do all we can for it: welcome repertory theatres and the efforts of Mr. Trench and Mr. Frohman and all other good men. But, whatever we do, we must not let the public into Mr. Shaw's discovery that the theatre is a place not of amusement but of education—or no one will ever go to a theatre again. Mr. Shaw was really very thoughtless in blurring out the truth as he did—for a good many people read his letters.

When Wordsworth said "O, many are the poets that are sown by Nature" he must have been thinking of the minor poets. A curious correspondence has been raging in the "Westminster Gazette" as to whether minor poets should be called minor or not. Mr. Francis Coutts puts the number of these writers of verses at "millions". The dog star rages with a vengeance. We should say there are, roughly, about a thousand poets to-day: Mr. Coutts' figures are absurdly high. But the question really is, not the number of these poets, but whether they should be called minor or not. Mr. William Watson says they should not. Somebody else mentions that there are minor prophets, and that this is not a term of indignity. We see no great slur about the word "minor". It is certainly not severer than the well-known description of Under-Secretaries and Junior Lords as the "lesser pillars" of an Administration.

Photographing the invisible sounds well, but it is rather an unfortunate description. Photography of stars which the most powerful telescopes cannot bring to sight has long enough been practised; and even the ordinary cinematograph takes movements that are too quick to be seen by the naked eye. Pictures of animals as they run are well known. But there has been no machine up to the present which will take five thousand pictures a second, so that the track of a rifle-bullet or the revolutions of a fly-wheel may be followed, though they are so swift that the wheel appears at rest. These wonders are now to become possible by a new machine exhibited at the Dresden Photographic Exhibition by the Military Technical High School of Charlottenburg. Perhaps at last we may get some light on the mysterious problem of the flight of birds, which has puzzled so many naturalists and mathematicians.

It is easy to overdo memorials: we are immediately sceptical, even suspicious, when we hear of a new memorial project. But a spot which has been the scene of four great national events can make good its claim to a memorial of its history. Near Brentford ferry Julius Cæsar crossed the Thames, Offa held a Church Council, Edmund Ironside defeated Cnut, and King Charles I. and the Parliamentarians fought. How many of us realised, or knew, all this? A reminder on the spot is well. Mr. Montague Sharp, whose idea the monument is, has discovered remains of Cæsar's oak palisades; antiquities that should be sacred to all British-born persons. It was happy that this memorial was unveiled by one bearing a name of such historic association as the Duke of Northumberland.

THE CHANCELLOR AT SEA—ON LAND.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has been out in a very choppy sea all the week, and it is now quite clear that he is not a good sailor. His answers to questions, whether put in debate or on the notice-paper, have been confused and inconsistent: and when the land was reached he fairly ran away, and left it to Mr. Haldane, who refused to go beyond the vaguest generalities. It certainly has been a damaging week for the Government, because it is now but too painfully apparent that whatever pains may have been bestowed on the Budget by the permanent officials, very little trouble has been taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Cabinet to master its contents. Can it be true, as rumour has it, that Mr. Lloyd George refuses to read the papers put before him by the officials of the Treasury and Somerset House? Let us consider what has happened with regard to the new licence duties for the sale of liquor. Their basis has been calmly changed in the last few days, for no other reason than the failure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to realise what he was doing. The basis for the new licence duties proposed at first was the assessment value of the premises. When it was shown that in the case of the big hotels and restaurants the licence duties would amount to huge sums, equivalent in some cases to the dividend on the ordinary shares of the company, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that he would consider a new basis, namely, that on which under the existing law compensation is levied for the extinction of licences. Such levity of policy, when applied to the taxation of a great commercial country, is simply appalling. It is all very well to plead, as Mr. Lloyd George when cornered pleads, that these resolutions in Committee of Ways and Means are purely formal, and merely moved in order to "ground" the Finance Bill. That is in a sense correct. But hitherto the Budget has been carefully thought out in every detail before the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes his annual statement, which is an elaborate exposition of policy, from which little or no departure is permitted. A particular tax may be, and often has been, dropped on account of its unpopularity, as Mr. Lowe's match-tax and Mr. Goschen's tax on "pleasure horses". But it is something quite new for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to shift the bases of his taxation in the discussion of the resolutions. Apparently the great five hours' speech was a mere eruption of general propositions, subject to radical and infinite modification. If this is the way in which the national finances are to be handled, we do not wonder that business men in the city are awakening to a sense of danger; and we can promise the Chancellor of the Exchequer that, if he ever introduces another Budget, the discussion of the "grounding" resolutions will be anything but formal.

The resolution relating to the new taxes on land discovers the same slovenliness of thought and expression. Take, for instance, the first of the three taxes, that imposing a 20 per cent. tax on the increment of value between the valuation of the land on 30 April last and on its sale or on the death of the proprietor. Is it not evident that in the latter event it is merely another death duty charged twice on the same property? Say that a property is valued to-day at £100,000, and that its owner dies ten years hence, when it is valued at £120,000. Death duties are charged on £120,000, and then the executors are called upon to pay one-fifth of £20,000, i.e. £4,000. Is not that £20,000 paying the death duty twice over? But Mr. Harold Cox demolished the whole ridiculous theory of unearned increment—a purely academic figment—by showing that in a civilised society any increment of value, whether in a field, a block of shares or stock, a professional practice, or a tradesman's turnover, is due quite as much to the general progress of the community as to the industry or luck of the individual. In his reply to Mr. Cox and Mr. Lyttelton the Chancellor of the Exchequer became hopelessly and helplessly involved in his own calculations. In dealing with the tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the pound on the capital value of undeveloped land and ungotten minerals, Mr. Lloyd George argued as if the tax was to be levied on developed land and gotten minerals. He spoke, for

instance, of the poor cottagers and working men who by their occupation turned an agricultural rent of 5s. an acre into an urban rent of £50 an acre. "Is it too much", exclaimed our financial sentimentalist, "to ask the landowner to pay a contribution of a halfpenny on the capital value they (the occupiers) have created, a halfpenny to help these poor old people?" In the first place, this calculation ignores the money outlay of the landowner in making roads and drains; in the second place, it ignores the money outlay of the builder in bricks and labour; and, thirdly, it is based on the rental of the land when covered with occupied houses, i.e. on the actual present value of the land when developed, on the fruits of the building speculation when successful, and not upon the conjectural value of undeveloped land. A more dangerous confusion of thought in a Finance Minister cannot be imagined. But we confess that the whole tone and style of the speech—Will you not give a halfpenny to help these poor old people?—is to us perfectly nauseating. If Mr. Lloyd George was himself going to give up a fifth per cent. of his official salary to "help these poor old people", his vicarious philanthropy would not inspire us with quite so lively a disgust. Are these the principles on which the taxation of a great business country is to be conducted? A similar muddleheadedness was shown in the defence of the tax on ungotten minerals. The industry and risks of the miner and the colliery proprietor were contrasted in the usual demagogue's fashion with the opulent idleness of the owner, pocketing his royalties in good times and bad. The picture is not true, to begin with, because it was abundantly proved to the Commission on Mining Royalities that in bad times and in cases of unsuccessful speculation concessions were always made in the matter of royalties and dead-rents by lessors to lessees, not on grounds of philanthropy but of business. But even if it were true, the whole argument applies to gotten minerals, to coalfields that are being worked on lease, to which Mr. Lloyd George declared again on Wednesday that his tax would not apply. The question put to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, How do you propose in practice to estimate the capital value of ungotten minerals? His answer is an exposition of the hardships and injustice (for the most part fictitious) of some mining leases. Nor was the case of Rosyth more to the point. It is one thing to value a property with a suspected but unproved mineral deposit for sale, and quite another to value it for purposes of taxation. In the first case, the seller asks what he thinks the property, plus its chance of the minerals, is worth, and the buyer takes it or leaves it. In the case of taxation, the owner is compelled to accept the Government valuation or be put to enormous expense in overthrowing it. Everybody knows that to fight a Government department on a question where surveyors and counsel are employed is a ruinous expense. This will not matter much to the Treasury or the Inland Revenue; it will break a good many owners, or supposed owners, of ungotten minerals.

Nothing was said on Wednesday, before the resolutions relating to the new taxes on land were carried by the closure, about the 10 per cent. duty on the reversion of leases. We are therefore in the dark whether this duty is leviable upon the termination of building leases only or upon the termination of an occupation lease at a rack rent. And yet of all the new taxes on land this is the one which will probably bring the Chancellor the largest revenue, which will be the most easily collected, and which will cause the greatest disturbance to builders, tenants, and occupiers. If the duty is to be levied only on the reversion of building leases, there will be no more building leases granted in future, and builders will be forced to find the money to buy the land as well as build the houses. If the duty is to be levied on the reversion of occupation leases, in future intending tenants will find that leases will only be granted on payment of a premium equivalent to the anticipated reversion duty. But as we are sure that Mr. Lloyd George does not yet know whether the duty is to be levied on the reversion of building leases or occupation leases, or both, it is waste of ink and paper at present to discuss the matter.

SAM SLIM'S ALTERNATIVES.

THE American Tariff Bill is such an elaborately illiterate document that closer study of it increases doubt as to its meaning; but there can be no doubt that, in any interpretation, it aims a political blow at the British Empire with the fiscal weapon. The chief sufferer stands to be Canada; and this country, alone among the great nations, disarms herself in the strife, unable to do anything for Canada, unable to do anything even for herself, the result of making helplessness a philosophy, with a policy of capitulation.

The main controversy hangs on Section 4, a mass of words that look as if chosen to confuse, and, worst of all, open to those tricks of alternative interpretation in which American diplomacy has already distinguished itself so unpleasantly. In a way, that is natural. A nation with a history of less than a hundred and fifty years, on a background of bushranging, can hardly be expected to appreciate the finer feelings that matured communities would see officially reflected in their collective behaviour; and our diplomatists at home do not appear yet to have realised the fallacy of applying European standards to American conduct.

The Bill contemplates two tariffs, a big one and a bigger one, the bigger one as a penalty for refusing the big one, "with sixty days" for the victim to decide whether the favours of the big one may not cost him more than the hostility of the bigger. Between two great hardships, he is invited to make concessions on his own part as the price of his escape from the greater; and the verbiage makes it impossible for him to calculate that price. Can such clever confusion be without a deliberate purpose?

Section 4 attempts to realise the purpose by putting the biggest tariff against the country that "discriminates" in her own market against American imports; and "discrimination" is to mean any preference on "any article imported from any country, province, dependency or colony". One article imported with a preference from one country brings down America's capital punishment on every article from the country that so offends.

Canada has such a reciprocal arrangement with France, awaiting only the exchange of signatures, and an older arrangement on the same lines with Japan; but now she is called upon, under the maximum penalty, to concede as much to the United States, or even more if any other preference be greater when her other arrangements lose their effect to a large extent automatically. If America can force this on Canada, then France and Japan have lost the Canadian preference stipulated, and cannot be expected to continue their own preference for Canada's products, which stand to be displaced from France and Japan, even apart from the effect there of American products in competition. Thus in a double way America hurts Canada, first disturbing her present market by making her trade treaties inoperative, and secondly by encouraging the substitution of American products in that market. Even apart from American competition in France and Japan, the disturbance of Canada's markets there must injure her trade; but that disturbance is also an immediate advantage to American competition against her.

Then comes the position of the Mother Country in the Canadian market, where she enjoys an inter-imperial concession calculated on a basis of 33½ per cent. In so far as American products are imported into Canada on the best terms conceded to "any country, province, dependency or colony" the Mother Country's advantage disappears, and then we have to compete across an ocean with a producer who has to cross an imaginary line, and who has necessarily a better knowledge of a market so much nearer to him, not to mention the resulting fracture in our imperial organism, which depends on industry more than on anything else.

The worst of all is to come. If Canada concede to America what is demanded in Section 4, she exposes her own industrial existence to deadly perils of which she has had too much experience already. In this aspect of the matter Canada stands not only to be

displaced as a distributor but also, and far more seriously, to be disabled as a producer. When the fruit-growing industry, now a great one, began in Western Canada, the Yankee producers clubbed their job lots for dumping over the frontier, and, season after season, reduced the Canadian pioneers to either depression or bankruptcy. This organised destruction of Canada by the established fruit growers of America continued until the Canadians put up a tariff that made it impossible; and those who are in a position to speak officially for British Columbia declare emphatically that without the measures adopted this vast asset of industrial Canada could never have come into existence as we know it. Accept Section 4 and the ruin can be resumed, not merely as a menace to Canadian industry established, but also as a still more effective block in the way of industries still to be started. It is calculated that over 90 per cent. of the combined reapers imported now into the United Kingdom are made in America, and if Yankee dumping can do this here, what hope could Section 4 leave for the development of skilled industry in Canada?

Canada's alternative is tariff defiance and fiscal freedom; but with this she comes under the maximum penalty in the American market. What will she do? What can she do? The choice is a desperate one. If she accept, she stands to be exploited as an economic appendage to the United States; if she refuse, she stands to face a generation of tariff warfare against an unscrupulous refinement more perfect of its kind than we have ever before seen offered by a first-class nation for the acceptance of a friendly neighbour. The bond is to bind not merely for the present and for actual issues. It is designed to anticipate, so that Canada could stipulate nothing in the future with any other country without conceding the same to the United States. If the Yankees declared war on Canada it would be our duty to stand by our own; but this economic declaration of war might prove even more destructive than the other, and here we at home stand helpless, fettered by a decadent theory that is laughed at by nearly all civilisation.

Our interpretation of this American contrivance is probably the least unfavourable that has yet appeared on this side, since we have reserved an open judgment for the most generous view of its most interesting provision as regards this country. Its hostility is subject to this, the last sentence in Section 4: "That these provisions for additional duties shall not apply to the cases where the preferential duties are those which are given by and between a province, dependency or colony or the Mother Country only, or by and between a province, dependency, or colony of the same country."

What does this word-spinning mean? How can "between" apply to unity? In English, "between" implies several things, but in American we have it "between" one "country only". Was the thing specially conceived for a "slim" way out of it after the British sense of contract had been led into it? On the face, by itself, it is simply stupid, but the context is the product of quite remarkable ability, which makes the inference uncomfortable. Sam is no fool: then, why so stupid? The choice is between crude confusion and clever crookedness. Which does Sam prefer? For the present he may have it either way, but there is no other, even for him.

It has been generally assumed here that the maximum penalty applied to a preference given by one part of our Empire to another, so that Canada, for example, must admit American products on the same terms as British, and since we can make no sense of the supposed qualification to the contrary above quoted, we cannot repudiate the inference. Yet that qualification is intended to mean something—unless we assume that the State draftsmen were paid by the line, and wanted to produce the largest possible number of words for the smallest possible purpose. Leading supporters of the measure in America have been asked, and have replied that the maximum penalty would not apply to our inter-imperial preferences; but in that case why not say so in the document itself, or at least something that could be so construed? That looks like the intention; why not let it be the language? When we consider how much

easier is clearness than such cleverly crooked confusion, we cannot but repeat the question—Mr. Sam Slim, what do you mean?

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

THOSE who have been watching developments in Germany and the United Kingdom must be struck by the remarkable contrast between the respective parts the Navy plays in the two countries. It is a contrast which carries the mind back to Gladstone's famous Silver Streak article in the "Edinburgh Review" in 1871, parts of which the Navy League might do well to republish in their monthly journal, "The Navy". If our memory does not play us false it was in this article that, after quoting Shakespeare's well-known lines on our maritime position, Gladstone proceeded to point out that Providence in bestowing priceless possessions frequently gave with them an insensibility to their value. No country is better adapted for naval defence, and more forced by every condition of its existence to rely on it, than the United Kingdom. It would be straining language too much to say that Germany, with its small coast-line and several land frontiers, is at the other extreme; but it is certainly true that Prussia founded an empire, and has preserved and extended that empire, without the aid of a navy. It is also true that the naval craze in Germany dates from the period when Great Britain plunged into a great military expedition in South Africa. Then the German Navy League began in strides of tens of thousands of members to climb to its present position of over a million, enabling its President to boast only a few weeks ago that it was the strongest political organisation in the world. It had great aims and was broad in all its conceptions, for it had great men behind it; but it could have done nothing had it not both moulded and reflected the temper of a nation. The contrast over here afforded by the British Navy League founded on 17 January, 1895, or several years before the German, was pitiful. Lord Robert Cecil, at its annual meeting on Wednesday, stated the membership to be about 20,000, and that its position as a political force was such that when by-elections were fought at the great shipbuilding centres at Newcastle and Glasgow there were no Navy League branches in those places ready to take action. As if this was not enough another organisation, calling itself by the grandiose title of the Imperial Maritime League, spends much of its time in attacking the Navy League, a not very difficult operation in these days of penny postage and daily newspapers, while a five-pound note will hire a hall. This latter organisation claims to work for the Navy through the Unionist party, and accuses the Navy League of paralysing the action of over a hundred Unionist M.P.s. But in all its pronouncements the same three undistinguished names appear, whether in the press or on the platform, and we do not hear of any organised committee in whom the public might be justified in putting confidence. The Imperial Maritime League may be ignored.

There is now a new situation in which the country is thoroughly roused, and with it has come the opportunity of the Navy League. It has wisely determined to put its house in order, and if it can by doing so bring great men to its councils with great aims it need set no bounds to its ambitions to become a great political force containing the million of members asked for by Lord Robert Cecil and others, and relieving the people of that blindness which Gladstone spoke of, so that, in the words the chairman used at the meeting last Wednesday, "Governments may come and Governments may go, but British naval supremacy will go on for ever". Lord Elcho, Lord Wilton, Lord Ridley, Mr. Bellairs, and Mr. Yerburgh have now a great opportunity as a committee to report on the reorganisation of the Navy League to lay broad and deep the foundations of an organisation which may do much for the salvation of the Empire. It should be worth their while to lay aside much of the important work they may have to do elsewhere and devote themselves to this important task. It will not be necessary to deal with the past. It is best to draw a veil over

indiscreet letters which pledged the League to "back Sir John Fisher" or which stigmatised the appeal for a naval inquiry as a society intrigue. These incidents belong to the past, and not to the present and the future. The Navy League, if it is to go ahead, must never meet inquiry and discussion in a hostile spirit, but must itself inquire and discuss to the utmost of its ability, and it can back no individual but only that great aggregate of individuals, the British people. It must proceed with tact and yet must not neglect grit, and it must have the knowledge without which both tact and grit are lost to all useful purposes. It cannot expect these elements to be evolved, as Mr. Mitchell pointed out in proposing the election of a committee of thirty-six members, out of such a governing body submitting itself en bloc for election each year. A committee of thirty-six is about twice the number now attempting to govern our Empire through the present Cabinet. Such a committee will never commend itself to those leading men without whose active co-operation in the various towns and counties the branch organisation of the Navy League cannot be extended nor meetings be adequately supported throughout the country. These things work together. Big men will only deal with big propositions, and big men are essential to big propositions. If the Navy League were content to remain as it is, then they will not be attracted. The Navy League, by adopting Lord Robert Cecil's proposal of a committee, has shown a real and earnest desire to go ahead, to embrace a large future, and such was the spirit of all the speeches at its annual meeting last Wednesday. In these circumstances if it continues to rise to the greatness of its opportunities it will undoubtedly succeed and may ultimately absorb other organisations, such as the British Empire League, which really exist for objects absolutely dependent on the maintenance of naval supremacy.

THE FRENCH POSTAL STRIKE.

THE vote of confidence on Thursday in the French Chamber gave practically the death-blow to the recrudescing postal strike. It showed the "postiers" that they have nothing to hope for from Parliament. Any Government not absolutely on its last legs is bound to repress an agitation of this sort amongst its servants; otherwise there is an end of everything. This strike of postmen and telegraphists was the dress rehearsal of the general strike which the Labour leader Pataud has threatened during the past few months. It was to be the great essay, to be followed up by the members of the syndicates affiliated to the General Confederation of Labour. The electricians were to come in and the water-service men, as well as the whole of the railway workers of the country. Not only was Paris to be isolated from the rest of the world—no letters, no telegrams, and no railway communication—but she was to be starved into recognition of the sacred right of working men to combine, by being cut off from light and water, besides no doubt having her bread "saboté". The working bakers of Paris are as revolutionary as the old-time Northampton cobbler. The scheme has failed because general ideas cannot stand against big battalions. The G.C.T. (to give the Federation its common designation) is not as strong as its leaders would have us believe. Its membership represents but five per cent. of the working population of France. Hence a movement engineered by so small a body requires enormous impetus if it is to succeed.

Impetus in such matters is usually supplied by a great grievance. The "postiers" have none. It is true that their pay is small; so is the pay of every functionary in France. It is the country of small salaries. Nor is their remuneration the real *raison d'être* of this extraordinary struggle. In their manifestoes there have been few allusions to working conditions. The civil servant knows that, though his pecuniary prospects are limited, they are certain, and that he is not subjected to those fluctuations of the labour market which render the lot of other workers precarious. Therefore he is in a measure contented to accept a lower rate for his labour.

His demands in the present strike are based on quite other matters. First and foremost he has placed the request for the head of M. Simyan. He is the symbol, though, of unuttered things, the symbol of that species of parliamentary decadence which sooner or later must prove fatal to the Third Republic. It is the story of "Rabagas" in real life, and needs the pen of Sardou to do it justice. The demagogue, having renounced the principles whereby he rose to power, now oppresses the people. This, at least, is the manner in which the postal employees themselves profess to regard their superior. It is perfectly true that M. Simyan, like other members of the Cabinet, like M. Clemenceau, M. Briand and M. Viviani, began his political career as the enunciator of bold theories of Government. He was as Socialistic as M. Jaurès, as tempestuous, perhaps, as M. Pataud. But to-day he is on the other side of the barrier. He has forgotten the fiery notions of other days, and has become as timid as any bourgeois deputy of the Centre. The memory of such matters renders furious those of his subordinates who politically stand where they did fifteen years ago. They feel much as our Mr. Quelch feels towards Mr. Burns.

The strike is a condemnation of the Republican régime. The Ministry is a Ministry of Simyans, and its sorry dupes strike blindly at the "machine" without realising that they will be crushed in the process. Whilst it is impossible to support a strike of this character, it is clear that the French Government is itself largely to blame for its "laissez-allier". Small wonder if, after their success in March last, the postal employees should again take the law in their hands in the hope of establishing their right to combine. They had forgotten that the public have their rights too. Yet the real significance of the movement is its implied contempt of Parliamentaryism. "Since we cannot have deputies who are sincere, let us sweep away the Chamber," say the revoltés, "and in its place we will have an assembly of syndicates, each representative being a paid official of the union. This is the prescription of M. le Docteur Pataud, and, in their distress at the present symptoms manifested in the body politic, the patients have swallowed it whole. If the quack has been called in, it is because the regular practitioner has failed. The example is full of meaning for others than the French.

THE HIGH PLACES IN THE ARMY.

MR. HALDANE recently told the House of Commons that no one desired a return to the old system of the commandership-in-chief, and that matters nowadays were much improved. If he was speaking on behalf of himself and of his military entourage on the Army Council, no doubt he was right. But it is notorious that neither the Army nor the nation is so much impressed with the excellence of the new régime as Mr. Haldane appears to be. In fact we have no doubt that the Army, could it have its say, would welcome a return to the old order. It is only natural that it should. When one of the leading soldiers of the day is in an authoritative position at the Secretary of State's elbow, soldiers necessarily have more confidence in military policy and in the selection for the higher military offices. A Commander-in-Chief backed up both by his own personal prestige and the prestige of his office is in a far more authoritative position than four excellent but ordinary general officers called a Council, who up to the present have done little more than endorse every different plan introduced by successive War Ministers. However, the commandership-in-chief has gone for the present, though possibly not for ever, for it is true, though perhaps not very generally known, that it was restored ten years after its first abolition. We have now an Inspector-General and a Chief of the General Staff, but neither of them carries the same weight as a Commander-in-Chief. Looked at purely from the point of view of economy and efficiency, the Inspectorship-General is entirely unnecessary. In the old days, when the military commands in the United Kingdom were comparatively small and filled mainly by major-generals, there was some reason for having a great official like the Commander-in-Chief to

make a tour of inspections in order to ensure some kind of uniformity. At present there are seven General Officers Commanding-in-Chief, and under these respectively are grouped many of the former small commands, though Ireland and Scotland virtually remain as they were. These high officials should surely be competent to conduct inspections without the addition of an Inspector-General. If they are not, they should be removed at once. However, though costly and unnecessary, the present plan has one great advantage. Hitherto, when it has been necessary to despatch a big expedition from these shores the generalissimo has been holding some post from which he could ill be spared. Thus in the Zulu, Egyptian (1882), and Soudan (1884) campaigns Lord Wolseley was taken away from a high post at the War Office, whilst the withdrawal of Sir Redvers Buller and his staff in 1899 from Aldershot left chaos to reign at that centre. Suppose a big crisis arose to-morrow. The command of a large expeditionary force would of course be given to Sir John French. His disappearance from Whitehall, however, would dislocate nothing. Fewer inspections would be held; that is all. Certainly nobody would be a penny the worse. Moreover, in the staff which he has around him, the nucleus of a Headquarters Staff for War would be at hand without disorganising to any great extent the other staffs of Commanders-in-Chief and Divisional Generals. So that though the Inspector-General and his staff are superfluous in peace time, the advantage of having them ready for an emergency justifies the money which is spent upon them.

How does the present system work as applied to the men now available for the great military posts? At the present time there are three general officers who from various causes stand out from their fellows. The Duke of Connaught, Lord Kitchener, and Sir John French are all important military assets. We should have liked the Duke of Connaught to be Commander-in-Chief. As it is, it is difficult to see what further military employment can be found for him when his tenure of the anomalous post he now holds in the Mediterranean comes to an end. The future of Lord Kitchener is a still harder problem. Rightly or wrongly, he is looked upon as our leading soldier. It will therefore be absurd if, when he returns from India this autumn, there should be no post to give him; although, of course, he will be given a seat on the Defence Committee. It is not likely that any Government or War Minister will risk his being Chief of the General Staff. He is too strong a man for that, for in India he has shown that he cannot be muzzled or set aside. Moreover, to Lord Kitchener himself work at the War Office would be extremely repugnant. We doubt, too, whether any Administration would like to have him even so near to them as the Inspector-General must be. What, then, can they do with him? He might, it is true, follow the example of Lord Strathnairn and Lord Roberts, and go to Ireland after India; or he might, like Lord Napier, go to the Mediterranean. But such an appointment would hardly be acceptable either to the nation or to Lord Kitchener. So nothing is left but the command in Ireland; and that will not be vacant for some time yet. Could he go to Aldershot? It was ruled in the case of Lord Roberts that such an appointment could not be held by an ex-Indian Commander-in-Chief; nor indeed is it an appointment which would suit Lord Kitchener. If we put aside then the post of Chief of the General Staff—important enough for an ex-Indian Commander-in-Chief to hold, and where we should like to see him—it is difficult to say how he can be employed in any military capacity until the Irish command is vacant.

Then there is the case of Sir John French. As Inspector-General he holds a highly exalted position. When his term is up, he can hardly hold a lesser one. As Chief of the General Staff he would be a square peg in a round hole. Yet he is so great a military asset, being one of our very few generals who have shown themselves fitted for high command in the field, that he must be saved from growing rusty. Moreover, he is still a comparatively young man. The Indian command will not be vacant for five years. There seems to be no other solu-

tion than to keep him Inspector-General until the Indian post becomes vacant; or, if Lord Kitchener does not go to Ireland, to send him there when the vacancy occurs. At any cost he must be kept in harness. But our present organisation seems, for the time being, unequal to the task of keeping both Lord Kitchener and Sir John French in harness at the same time.

THE CITY.

THE big guns of Lombard Street are slowly but surely being got into position and loaded for an attack upon the Government. Thus much the City owes to its traditions and its self-respect. Meanwhile the light-hearted beggars on the Stock Exchange are making hay whilst the sun shines, i.e. whilst a portion of the public are in a speculative mood, and the new taxes are still in the dim and distant future. By the way, the tax-gatherer is early in the field this year, and already the nasty, thin, bilious-coloured envelopes of the Inland Revenue Department are being dropped into the citizens' letter-boxes. A great many people will have to make a detailed return who never did so before, and there is some trepidation about arrears.

On the whole, it has been rather an exciting week in Throgmorton Street. There have been some good, old-fashioned "ramps", such as the rise in Chartered to 25s.—good old Chartered that are not worth 5s. as dividend-earners—and the rise in Zambesia Explorings to 33s., the latter movement being based on the fact, which is a fact, that the company has a holding of 100,000 "Tanks", which have also been pushed up rapidly to 4½. Apex, another gambling counter, were run up to 5½ by those who had seen the cable about the striking of a new reef. These are the days when half-forgotten favourites of past booms, like H.E. Props, emerge from their obscurity and are puffed by their friends. Oceana, too, have actually been put up to 15s. 6d., and New Africans to 13s. The Oceana Company's directors have underwritten the new issue of Welgedachts (though they have not, that we know of, got any cash), and they have got a call of 52,000 Welgedachts at £4 for a year. Of course, if they are not called upon to take up any of the present issue, and if they succeed in selling the shares they have under call at £5 or £6, the Oceana Consolidated may earn a dividend. If anybody wants a gamble, a pure speculation, we recommend National Minerals Corporation at 9s. (the shares, of which there are 300,000, are 1s. par value), and Rhodesian Copper for special settlement at about the same price (£1 shares). We have heard vaguely of a thing called the Spring Mine at 1½, for s.s., but know nothing about it, except that the shop is the General Mining and Finance. It is, however, strongly "tipped". Our favourite investments, City Deep, Village Deep, and Knights, are simply steady, and look with calm disdain at the gambols of the share-puffers around them. Pekins and Shansis have also been indulging in fireworks: Pekins rose to 9½, and then fell back to 8½ on the report. The Pekin Syndicate has at last turned the corner, and, as its coal is of the best quality, if the question of division of profits between the various classes of shareholders could be settled, Pekin Ordinaries ought to go to 12 or 15. All this bother is due to the excessive complexity of Carl Meyer finance.

There seems a fashion now for Japanese municipal loans, the cities of Osaka and Nagoya having both issued loans in the shape of 5 per cent. sterling at 95. Osaka is the Manchester of Japan, and a very flourishing commercial and manufacturing centre. All the same, if the citizens of Osaka and Nagoya took it into their heads to strike against the payment of municipal rates, there would be no means of forcing them to pay or of realising the security. It must not be forgotten that the Japanese are still barbarians at heart. The London County Council have issued a new loan of £2,500,000, bearing 3½ per cent. interest, at 102, which was naturally largely over-subscribed. Why the big financiers so often prefer a loan with a low rate of interest at a big discount to a loan with a higher rate of interest at a

premium we do not know, unless it be that a great many trustees are debarred from buying bonds at a premium. The low prices of the loans of the Indian Government continue to astonish and perplex. Here is Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, the Finance Minister of India, making a most satisfying statement as to the finances of India, showing that the indebtedness of the peninsula is small comparatively, and the charge per head only 8s. per annum; and yet Indian Two and a Halfs stand ten points below Consols, at 74; India Three and a Halfs are at 99, three points lower than the London County Council bonds; and Indian Threes, at 88-89, are nearly ten points lower than Transvaal Threes, at 97-98, and more than ten points lower than Egyptian Threes at 99-101, and yet Egypt does not legally belong to Great Britain. Among the issues of the week is the London and Rhodesian Mining Company, Limited, which invites subscriptions for 150,000 £1 shares out of a capital of £300,000.

IRELAND AND THE BUDGET.

By SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE BART. M.P.

IN 1895 a Royal Commission reported that Ireland was overtaxed some three millions a year. This Report was debated annually in Parliament for several sessions with no result, until in 1901 Sir Michael Hicks Beach imposed a tax—the coal tax—to which Ireland did not contribute, and which brought to the Exchequer the substantial payment of two millions a year. With the advent of the present Government this tax was promptly abolished, although it was paid by the foreigner, and was a useful tax from various standpoints—the electioneering one excepted. Although Sir Michael Hicks Beach was never thanked for it, this tax was an important one for us, and especially interesting as the child of a Unionist Government, for it embodied the principle of separate fiscal treatment for Ireland, a principle which successive Chancellors of the Exchequer had set themselves to eliminate ever since the amalgamation of the Exchequers of Ireland and England in 1817. Incidentally it should be noted that this coal tax reduced the price of coal to the home consumer and cheapened considerably what is now a necessary of life in these islands.

The over-taxation of Ireland by three millions a year being found and duly blue-booked, nothing happened until the present distinguished Chancellor of the Exchequer discovered a new way to pay old debts; and, with a view to modifying and eventually removing our financial grievance, he now proposes after all these years to increase our taxation by £600,000 a year forthwith; with unknown possibilities of further addition. At this juncture the old debates and also the old division lists on Ireland's financial relations are really quite worth studying. To-day Ireland pays, or stands committed to pay, between imperial and local taxation some twenty millions a year. We have a population of some four millions. We are fortunate, and in the light of this conspicuous exhibition of successful statesmanship we ought to be happy. But we are not quite happy. We are thinking over the situation. We doubt. Some awkward questions suggest themselves, questions we would much prefer to let lie—for a little longer.

This is a Free Trade Budget, the very latest thing—the dernier cri—in Cobdenism: and where are we? We are really anxious to understand this Budget. We rather suspect that it deserves consideration and examination; but it is not easy to digest a proposal so large, so complicated, one which has not been very much explained, and as to the effect of which nobody appears to have any definite idea. What the new taxes and the increased taxes will produce, what their collection will cost, who will eventually pay them, what surplus they will produce—five, ten or twenty millions—nobody knows apparently. To what purposes the eventual surplus is to be devoted nobody seems to know either. All we do know for certain is that our over-taxation of three millions a year is to be cured by an increased taxation of from £600,000 to £2,000,000. We are not therefore wildly enthusiastic about this Budget. In fact

we look upon it with considerable suspicion; for we can only guess as to how it will affect us. We are of course aware that in the framing of this Budget the circumstances of Ireland were never considered. This is an English Free Trade Budget made for England, and its result to Ireland is for the present mere speculation.

From what is common knowledge we may draw some inferences, however; and these among them. The increased estate and legacy duties will yield but a small return in one respect. Large estates do not exist in Ireland. But, on the other hand, small estates are likely to contribute considerably, and it is possible that in this direction there are unpleasant surprises in store. There will certainly be surprises, as well as an increase of revenue, in connexion with the stamp duty and its novel method of application. Is it to apply to land-purchase transactions? It will be interesting to watch the effect of this tax on Ireland's political relationships. The increased income tax will result in nothing more than much bad language from the dwindling number of those called upon to pay it. Income-tax payers are rapidly disappearing with us. The number of those legally bound to pay this tax is growing smaller year by year. But we have still some business concerns—the property of small holders mainly—which pay dividends, and one can imagine the feelings of these thrifty investors when in July or August next their little dividends are automatically docked of six per cent. What the result of the land tax and the tax on minerals will be it is difficult to say. If they mean the appointment of more officials, they may be welcomed in certain quarters. We have, however, nearly officials enough already. No other country, ancient or modern, has ever rejoiced in such a swarm of them. But these land taxes are not likely to prove very fruitful just yet in view of the chaotic state of the Irish land question, and in view of the fact also that over large areas the minerals are already, or are about to become, the property of the Government: a circumstance of which the framers of the Budget are apparently unaware. As things are, I do not envy the lot of the tax-gatherer in his search for the unearned increment in, say, Clifden or Skibbereen, or of the geological tribute from Ballycastle, or the Arigna Valley, or Castlecomer.

With regard to these taxes, however, there will be considerable searching of hearts in Ireland if their yield is taken out of the country. Land taxes are essentially of those that should be devoted to local purposes. They are capable of indefinite extension, and without very strong guarantees as to their administration solely for Ireland's benefit they will offer an irresistible temptation to future Chancellors of the Exchequer hard pressed, as all of them are certain to be, to find money for the public services under existing conditions. The same reservation applies to the motor and petrol taxes. Both of these taxes should go to the upkeep and improvement of our roads in relief of local taxation; and they should be administered, through our county councils, by an Irish authority—the Irish Local Government Board for choice, as being the most competent department we have, the only one in fact, in relation to the management of Irish roads. Properly administered, and under regulations adapted to the case, the yield of these taxes can be very usefully employed in Ireland. But neither they nor the land taxes will be agreed to if captured by the Imperial Exchequer. Excepting the stamp tax, none of the taxes I have so far enumerated is likely to produce much money for the Exchequer, though they will find abundant occupation for the lawyers. But it is expected that under this Budget Ireland will be worth from £600,000 to £2,000,000 a year more to the Imperial Treasury.

Where is the money to come from? We have but two sources of supply remaining, viz. tobacco and whisky. For convenience I include all the liquor taxes under the latter head. Enough has been already said about the cruelty of raising the cost of the poor man's tobacco by a halfpenny per ounce. I need not pursue that argument. But there is another matter requiring notice in this connexion. Tobacco growing and manufacturing was a very important industry in Ireland a hundred years ago. It was suppressed because the English Customs or the English manufacturers did not like it. Of late years

an effort has been made, and with very fair success, to resuscitate this industry. The new tax will not help it. And now we come to whisky. It is from this tribe of taxes that the Chancellor will reap his harvest. The Irish licensed trade, the Irish brewers and distillers, are already up in arms. And with good reason. The Irish publican has suffered heavily of recent years: what with the spread of temperance ideas and restrictions imposed upon the trade by recent legislation, his business is nothing like what it was. I am told that in some districts this Budget will exterminate him. If it does, somebody else will take his place. We were recently given some astonishing figures as to the effect of this Budget on a great English brewing company. The effect on the Irish distilling trade will be quite as startling. For instance, I am informed that an Irish distillery which has heretofore paid a duty of £10 10s. will have to pay now a duty of from £600 to £700. The consumption of whisky will be reduced by the increased taxes. The publican will do less business; he will buy less from the distiller. The distiller's expenses will be largely increased; he will manufacture less; he will employ fewer hands; and—and most important to remember—he will buy less home-grown barley, and he will pay less for it. This Budget will then be more widely appreciated. People who drink in Ireland will continue to drink. But they will not patronise home manufacture: they will drink German beer—a commodity which is already imported to Ireland in enormous quantities. This will be very good indeed for German industry, but very bad for the Irish distiller, the Irish workman, the Irish farmer and the Irish agricultural labourer. The Irish distillers and brewers not only employ a large amount of Irish labour, in some places they are the only support of our dwindling towns. They are also the sheet-anchor of the Irish tillage farmer by reason of their large consumption of Irish-grown barley. Barley-growing is the most important of our agricultural industries; it continues to exist in spite of the depression of the times. The most important and most progressive of our agricultural districts are dependent upon it. It continues to be profitable, but by a very slender margin. Any set-back to our distilleries will react disastrously upon our barley-growing, and any serious set-back to barley-growing means the end of tillage in Ireland.

No! We are not wildly enthusiastic about this Budget. We look upon it with suspicion, not innocent of anxiety. We sympathise with a brave man struggling against adversity, and the spectacle of the Chancellor pledging his every resource to meet his gigantic liabilities is not without pathos; but we doubt that his resources will stand the strain, and the strain is only beginning. We know that our own resources are strained to breaking-point, and many are asking themselves whether the principles—the very best of their kind no doubt—of which this Budget is the legislative apotheosis are any more suited to-day than they ever were to the special circumstances of our country.

HURIYEH.

III.

By MARK SYKES.

IN order to reach Constantinople from Brusa it is necessary to undergo a journey of seven hours' duration on board a steamer of 250 tons, of a maximum speed of six knots. On Turkish steamers all natural laws are permanently suspended. A Turkish steamer can proceed with engines which no shipchandler would accept as scrap iron. A Turkish steamer can go out to sea with a starboard list of eighteen degrees and survive. A Turkish steamer can still continue to ply though she may not have been overhauled since she was cast aside as useless by her European owners in the year 1884. On Turkish steamers there is no reason why the chart should not be used as a table cloth for the captain's dinner, nor yet why the charthouse should not be used as a henroost for the captain's fowls. Most of these conditions obtained on board the vessel which fate directed should bear me from Modania to Constantinople.

Besides her crew she carried on a deck fifteen feet wide and ninety feet long eighty passengers and 250 sheep, not to speak of the various things that could not be crammed into her hold. The passengers were worth some attention, porters, drovers, merchants, priests, Khojas, dervishes, Greeks, Albanians, and Turks, both old and young.

Before we had been two hours out at sea the various inhabitants of the absurd gasping, groaning, leaking, moaning little ship had become an organised Eastern state. The captain, who had ensconced himself in a crazy deckhouse, had gone to sleep. A sailor smoking a cigarette sat with his hand on the wheel. Certain merchants who found a few square inches of deck vacant had spread out their wares and established a bazaar, where they sold oil, bread, fish, and meat. Seven officers of the schools had set up a political clubhouse in the first-class cabin below; three Khojas had carved out sufficient room for their rugs and were beginning to pray; a deformed dwarf had elbowed out a chink amidst some bales of goods and was giving a comic theatrical entertainment to a party of sheep-drovers and others; five Greeks passed the time of day drinking brandy and firing revolvers; a nondescript gentleman, who, it afterwards appeared, was one of the engineers, threaded the deck selling coffee and lemonade; from behind a canvas screen which had been rigged astern shrill voices sounded, admonishing the mutinous fat babies that endeavoured to crawl into the uncurtained region devoted to menkind. Amid all these various occupations of the ship's passengers there were only two which were new to me and which may be attributed to Huriyeh; first of all the advanced thinkers in the saloon, secondly the dwarf on deck. The saloon was ten feet long and as broad as the ship. It had no light save from a little square of glass in the deck and a petroleum lamp which swung over the table. No air save from the keyhole of the door. Underfoot bilge-water swirled, gurgled, and splashed up through a trap in the flooring. A hot puff of greasy air was occasionally wafted from the engine-rooms to add to the wholesome scent that emanated from a certain quantity of bread, garbage, and what not, that had in the course of ages slipped through the gratings. Around rats scurried boldly and fearlessly from hole to hole and chink to chink. Yet in this filthy den, belted, booted, and spurred, sat the seven politicians and philosophers, unmoved by sound, sight, or smell, smoking, drinking coffee, and orating. For six long hours did those heroes discourse to one another on the subjects of feudalism, despotism, equality, liberty, positivism, and fraternity.

While the aristocracy of intellect discussed below, the dwarf was amusing the common herd on deck. His entertainment consisted at first of a little preliminary buffooning, running on hands and knees, making faces and uttering various ancient quips. Then he developed a burlesque, put on a wreath of yellow paper flowers, and using a walking-stick as a guitar proceeded to sing sentimental songs in the character of a dancing girl expiring for the love of a lost sweetheart. This is the form of humour peculiarly adapted to Oriental minds, and though perhaps part of the joke is not susceptible of literal translation it is often very good fun all the same. After languishing and weeping for some time the dwarf went through the final convulsions of unrequited love, and sank moaning and unconscious to the deck, amid the laughter of his audience. He then began another "turn", quite a new one from every point of view. He produced from his pocket a pair of spectacles and a piece of newspaper, curled his moustache, cocked his tarbush forward on his forehead, set the spectacles astride of his nose, sat on a box and began an imitation of the educated Young Turk politician in a café—mincing accent, finicking gestures, dictatorial and pompous manner were copied to the very life. Will it be believed that the ignorant shepherds, porters, and Albanians laughed, laughed more loudly than they had done either at the preliminary jokes or even at the dying dancing girl?

An "educated" young official emerged from below, and the performance came to a sudden end, the dwarf

collapsed in a corner and the audience fell gloomily silent.

Constantinople was very interesting three weeks ago. To-day it is, I suppose, another city. But three weeks ago it was as perhaps it never has been before and never will be again. To spend a week in Constantinople then was to enjoy the last few moments of a light curtain-raiser that precedes some great tragedy. There was at Constantinople the most delightful comedy in the playing. The Sultan, the Selamlık, the Embassies, Santa Sofia, and the pariah dogs remained; also there had come new things, political parties, deputies, editors, and reforms.

In the halls of the hotels and clubs were gathered the great thinkers of the hour, thinkers whose thoughts were so stupendous that they had to take off their turbushes and put them on the table, just as if they were hats such as white men—I mean civilised men—wear. And the thoughts of the great thinkers when translated into words fully justified this lack of ceremony, for they were the quintessence and cream of all the foaming stuff that had been on tap and had flowed so ceaselessly into my ears since I had landed at Jaffa. It is a wonderful brew, this advanced thinking. The ingredients are Gallic and Teutonic; Gallic in negation of religion, in insane attachment to phrases, in superficial logic, in purposeless irreverence; Teutonic in obstinate rigidity, uncompromising woodenness, in brutal assertiveness. The German parade-ground and the Parisian café have in truth produced a most wonderful psychological centaure between them. To hear a young man who has been reared on sweets in a Stambuli harem talking the borrowed cant of the French politician, in the borrowed voice of a Prussian drill sergeant, is an instructive lesson, a lesson so useful that one can think almost kindly of our Indian friend the failed B.A., after having endured it. Indeed, clippings from Burke and John Stuart Mill, delivered in a platform voice, do not grate so abominably. The great thinkers had been thinking and talking for nearly five months. They had written leading articles for even longer, and since their phrases were growing stale they were beginning to fight among themselves, to accuse each other of tyranny, reaction, espionage, and chicane. They violated the adde-pated Constitution they professed to adore, but did not remodel it. They abused each other in the columns of some scores of newspapers with no circulation; they proposed, opposed, suggested, and intrigued, but nothing had they done. The Navy, with its 6000 officers and 4000 men remained; the civil service, with its countless hordes of greedy incompetents, remained; the corrupt police, with its useless divisions, remained; the tax-wrung peasantry remained; the hopelessly congested finances remained; the war in the Yemen remained. After five months of speechifying these things remained because they were facts, and the speechifying had all been about other men's ideas. The advanced thinkers would not face facts, and not all the catchwords, smoking jackets, English overcoats, dicky shirt-fronts, nor all the tin swords and spurs in the universe will ever make them do so.

Besides these congregations of advanced thinkers there was also the Chamber of Deputies, where the representatives of the Ottoman nation were gathered together to vote accordingly as they were told. When I saw it it was engaged in passing a law relating to vagabondage, unemployment, destitution, and so on. It might have been the Licensing Bill or the Daylight Saving Bill for all that it mattered.

It was not above eight days after I had seen and heard these things that some thousands of the kind of men who had laughed at the dwarf on the deck of the steamer dissolved Parliament, scattered the advanced thinkers, cheered the late Sultan, and went home. A few days later still some hundreds of the kind of men who had discussed affairs of State in that steamer's cabin swept into Constantinople, and did that which has been done in the name of the unanimous will of the one and indivisible Ottoman people.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JOHN DAVIDSON.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

THE end of John Davidson is one of those events which should be made as painful for the world as possible, and the sore of which should be kept open by every possible means; and I make no apology for reverting to it in the pages of the SATURDAY REVIEW, the writers and readers of which may be counted among the few who really care very much what happens to literature and those who make it in our country. I knew John Davidson well in these last years; saw the wretchedness and poverty and loneliness of his exiled life; spent whole days with him in intimate and memorable companionship; and I knew well, for all his sanity and courage, to what gloomy bourne he was travelling. And it is in fulfilment of a compact made with him in one of those long and intimate talks that I now try to get something said that ought to be said; that I hope has already been said, but that cannot be said too often.

The artist lives by two things—by his affections or emotions, and by the rebound of his expression from the world around him—recognition, appreciation. Keep those two channels full and flowing, and you get the best of which he is capable. Cut off one, and he may struggle lamely on; cut off both, and he perishes. Material success or failure matter very little beside them; but without them material success is empty and material failure is crushing. John Davidson had the misfortune to depend almost entirely on the second of these two things—recognition—for his spiritual life. He was essentially a lonely man, of an uncouth, ill-accommodating spirit, who had learned not to depend on his affections as a source of strength. He had learned that bitter lesson—to live alone; his affections were confined to the natural, domestic ties, marital and paternal: real and precious things to him as a human being, but alien from his poetic and artistic spirit. His work was literally everything to him. He lived and died singly for it, sacrificed everything to it. Because of it he chose for himself and his family bitter poverty and isolation where, had he chosen to use his splendid gifts in working to please others instead of himself, he might with his indefatigable industry have earned enough to procure what would have been luxury for one of his simple tastes. He whittled down his personal needs to these: a roof to cover him, a sufficiency of the plainest kind of food to eat and tobacco to smoke.

That, literally, was his life latterly. Every morning he worked at his desk, tortured by the clamour of children who were sent out to yell in the slum behind his house; in the afternoon a walk alone, through the streets or roads of that Penzance which he loathed as his prison, and knew would be his grave; later, perhaps, a walk with his wife; reading in the public library; another lonely walk; and to bed. He had no money to make excursions, and no humour to make acquaintances. His dream was London, the streets and noises and roaring life-tide of London, the companionships and convivialities of London as he had once enjoyed them; his idea of luxury was to entertain a few friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant. All these were as far beyond him, a man who had devoted his life to delivering his message as a poet, as the Victoria Cross is beyond me. He lived in Penzance because his asthma made London fatal to him in the winter, because it was cheap, and because he had no equals there to make his poverty seem disgraceful to his wife, but for whose silent, loyal help this disaster would have happened long ago. In the sunshine of that mild, dull place, with St. Michael's Mount appearing and disappearing in the mist, and the long Atlantic rollers breaking on the shallows of Mount's Bay, was fought out this grim, losing battle between the spirit of a poet and the conditions which the modern world provides for him.

There is so much cant and smug hypocrisy among even those who profess to care for things of the spirit, among those who style themselves "men of letters", that I am almost hopeless of driving my message home; and yet it is they who are really responsible for the dull misery of that long road of which this was the inevitable end. We make a great outcry about the lack

of high talent, the rarity of a single, artistic aim in our contemporary literature; we are always busy belauding those who have arrived, who have somehow weathered the indifference of the previous generation; what do we do to encourage those who, whether their work has the fortune to earn our complete critical approval or not, are really in earnest about it, who have the artist's passion to do a thing as well as they know how? Never mind about the buying public, which is entitled to buy what pleases it, and not to buy what does not please it; but what about the brotherhood of letters, which professes to know the difference between work done in the artist's spirit, and with the artist's passion, and work done to command a market? How has the literary world, crying loudly for a real poet, treated John Davidson? He was a real poet, make no doubt of that; since Swinburne first discovered his poetry, and chanted it aloud to the delighted ears of young Davidson in the Professor's study in Glasgow thirty years ago, there has been no shadow of doubt among men capable of judging poetry. You may have hated his philosophy, deplored his anger and violence, criticised his blank verse, but he was a poet, and, that rarest of beings in the twentieth century, a man who chose starvation and poetry as a career rather than plenty and journalism.

I have read the chief reviews of John Davidson's books written in the last few years, and often burned with shame to read them. The attempts to belittle what was at any rate serious and big, the despicable sneers of the reviewer earning his fifteen hundred a year by being funny at the expense of a poet who chose to live on £150 a year for the sake of saying only the thing he really meant; the silences, the wilful fastening upon detail and ignoring of principle—the thousand ways in which an unconscientious reviewer can wound and hurt a sensitive artist—these are what sent John Davidson to his death, whether he knew it or not. He did not mind adverse criticism; he expected disagreement, he welcomed serious attack and controversy; but the thing that got under his armour and broke his spirit was just this conspiracy to ignore, this innate hatred of the comfortable man for the uncomfortable, this dishonest practice of giving expression to a personal preference in the terms of serious criticism. I know men to-day, earning comfortable incomes, who control the reviewing of books on one or more papers, and who seriously profess and pretend to be concerned with maintaining literary standards, who are really engaged in nothing better than a petty personal conspiracy: who try to ignore or to damn the books of men who have offended them or their friends, and to boom the books of those who have pleased them. This is dishonest. Personal likes and dislikes are very real and respectable things; but to indulge them anonymously under the cover of artistic criticism (which has nothing to do with personal likes and dislikes) is a cowardly and base thing. It is damaging to everyone concerned. It bewilders and corrupts the public, it degrades those who do it, and it wounds and damages, more than most people understand, the artist who is really trying.

The first business of every literary critic is to divide the writers of books into two classes: those who write (well or ill) as artists, because it is their vocation, and who make for a serious artistic goal, and those who write (well or ill) as a commercial speculation, to supply a recognised market. To fail to do that is to fail in everything else. If it had been done in the case of John Davidson he would not have been driven so out of tune with life and the world as he became; his poverty would not have been degrading to him, nor his unpopularity (his peculiar message would always have been unpopular) disgraceful. He lived so entirely in his work that reviews really mattered to him, although, like all sensitive men, he tried and pretended to be indifferent to them; and every cheap sneer, every senseless belittlement, every deliberate misrepresentation hounded him a little farther on that bitter, lonely road that he walked. His death is nothing; but for the misery that drove him to it, for the gradual hollowing out of life which is the prelude to self-destruction (for no one arrives quickly at sane and deliberate suicide), I hold every man responsible who, having in his control the reviewing of contemporary

books, and possessing enough education and discernment to discriminate between real and imitation literature, failed to see that Davidson was treated with the attention and respect to which his high talents and loftiness of aim entitled him.

This conspiracy of silence was a very real thing. Last year, seeing how the man was starving for recognition, and in the silence of more competent men, I wrote a long review article attempting to give some account and estimate of his work as a whole; and I experienced the greatest difficulty in getting it published—not, if you please, on account of the inadequacy of the treatment, but (as I was assured) on account of the subject. It is one of the many things to the credit of Mr. W. L. Courtney's editorial conduct that he took that article and printed it in the "Fortnightly Review", and so secured for Davidson what he pathetically described as "the most generous gift that had ever been made to him".

He was as brave as a man could be. In one of our long talks, sitting at Penzance in front of the lazy waves, he once told me that no man could be unhappy who could write blank verse; and that to write blank verse was the sheerest, most intoxicating joy that he could conceive. We used to laugh a great deal together on those meetings, which he treated as holidays from the dull round of an exile's life. Sometimes he made the pilgrimage to me at the Lizard, oftener I to him at Penzance, which was, compared with my solitude, a metropolis; and we would walk and talk, or sit and be silent together, as the humour took us. Deep underneath the surface lay bitterness and misery; on the top was this pleasure in conversation, in congenial company, in laughter and momentary forgetting. He talked wonderfully sometimes, with a sombre passion, as of a man who lived in Hell. His detachment and discord from the world made his judgments of living people, his acquaintances, comparatively worthless; like all solitaries he was credulous of gossip, and unconsciously mischievous, and willing to account basely for the very qualities he envied in others. As a result he sometimes seemed to make mischief, which it is the duty of those who cared for him to heal over and forget. In all non-personal matters, things of the spirit, his talk was most wise and illuminating. He had all the Scotsman's eloquence, and a scornful utterance that must have been not unlike Carlyle's; sudden explosions of humour or irony, like crags of granite blasted from a cliff; sudden cadences of melancholy suaveness, like the voice of a Highland woman. The last time I saw him was last July, when I spent two long days with him. I was leaving late on the Sunday afternoon; we had sat for three hours on a seat in a garden high up behind Penzance, and looking over the town far out to sea to the dim, sunny horizon; we were silent, feeling, as we always did when we parted, that a memorable time had come to an end. He came to the station with me, and we were joking and laughing, and making fun of a pompous man whose appearance offended us. When it came to "good-bye" he suddenly turned gravely to me and put his hand on mine. "If we do meet again", he said and paused; "why, we shall smile"; then, as the train began to move, "If not", he went on, and finished the line in a whisper, "if not, why then this parting is well made." I felt that I should not see him again.

I am writing in the town of New York, looking out from a window nineteen stories high over the delirium of lights and noises that is the nocturnal expression of this money-mad city, where all that is most hateful and woeful in the world's attitude towards the things of the spirit seems to be gathered up and hurled into the night. I feel very far away from the world that made or marred Davidson's life, and wholly unable to guess what may be the tone of opinion about his death; but lest no one else should say it, I invite every fellow-craftsman in literature or journalism in England to examine himself on the question I have raised. To everyone who professes to care for literature I would say, How far did your care carry you in the matter of John Davidson? Did you buy his books? Did you read them? Did you take any trouble to find out what he was writing? Did you feel the importance to your art or profession of seeing that serious poetry was received

with serious appreciation? If you did not, consider whether there is not something wrong with our machinery for keeping life in touch with art, something that concerns you, and which you may do your share in improving. You helped to make him what he was; you helped to determine those sordid limits within which he existed. Remember how he lived: things that are commonplace necessities to most of us who earn even a living were rare luxuries for him. The theatre, the purchase of books, were beyond him; his way of life was what I have described; the one amusement within his reach was—a walk in a country that he grew to hate! He loved conviviality; if he had been less proud and less brave he might have taken to drink—a real temptation to men of his race and class and temperament. But even that solace he latterly put utterly away from him, and on the rare visits of myself or some other of the few friends he saw, a bottle of wine, or a glass of whisky-and-water sipped in the smoking-room of an hotel, marked for him a festival, almost a sacramental occasion.

Davidson is dead, and beyond our help; but there are other men living, trying also to keep faith with themselves, to do the best that is in them, irrespective of opportunist consideration. Is it too much to ask those who profess to love good literature to encourage rather than discourage this small band? Their work may not be super-excellent, but their attitude towards it is the true right attitude, alone productive of a foundation on which literature can flourish at all. The truth about John Davidson is that he was hounded out of life, not by the neglect of the public, or the miseries of poverty, or the terrors of ill-health, but by the indifference of his own fellows, those who should have been his comrades in spirit and who, even if they did not praise him as a philosopher, might have loved him as a poet.

The truth—who shall write the truth about him or any man? Let him speak his own truth, in the lines he wrote a year before his death, in the epilogue to his last "Testament"; that is the truth:

"I felt the world a-spinning on its nave,
I felt it sheering blindly round the sun;
I felt the time had come to find a grave:
I knew it in my heart my work was done.
I took my staff in hand; I took the road
And wandered out to find my last abode.
Hearts of gold and hearts of lead,
Sing it yet in sun and rain,
'Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,
Round the world and home again' . . .

My feet are heavy now, but on I go,
My head erect beneath the tragic years;
The way is steep, but I would have it so,
And dusty, but I lay the dust with tears,
Though none may see me weep: alone I climb
The rocky path that leads me out of time—
Out of time and out of all,
Singing yet in sun and rain
'Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,
Round the world and home again'.

Farewell the hope that mocked, farewell despair
That went before me still and made the pace.
The earth is full of graves, and mine was there
Before my life began, my resting-place;
And I shall find it out, and with the dead
Lie down forever, all my sayings said,
Deeds all done, songs all sung,
While others chant in sun and rain,
'Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,
Round the world and home again'."

AT THE HAYMARKET.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

IN September Mr. Frederick Harrison will make over to Mr. Herbert Trench the right of deciding what plays shall be produced, in what manner, at the Haymarket. Meanwhile, he "and Charles Frohman present Miss Billie Burke in 'Love Watches', a comedy in four acts, by Robert de Flers and Armand Caillavet,

adapted by Gladys Unger". Perhaps he is a sincere believer in the genius of Miss Burke. But I think it likelier that his motive is to give lustre to Mr. Trench's forthcoming repertory. "See", says he, "see the sort of thing you get when the managerial policy is just to give you what the management thinks you want. You don't want it? Quite so. Come back in September. You'll find the place in possession of a stranger who means to give you what he wants, and to give it in the way that he deems proper, without any reference at all to your own tastes. Your reception of 'Love Watches' is a good omen for him. Remember September."

Twenty years ago—and it is by what the public's taste then was that the average manager gauges the taste of the present public—"Love Watches" might have been rather liked. I can dimly imagine that "L'Amour Veille" may have had some quality that pleased Parisians not long ago. If so, Miss Unger has carefully extracted it. Her notion of what makes bright fresh dialogue is beyond measure pathetic. Jacqueline, the heroine, squirts some scent over the soutane of an Abbé. "It is a scandal", says he. "No, it isn't," she replies: "it's Jockey Club." A little later, a Marquise, smelling the scent, says "It is a scandal". "No, madame, it isn't," he replies: "it's Jockey Club." And this is a fair sample of the general crudity of the affair. Perhaps in the original version the figure of Ernest Augarde appealed successfully to the sentimentalists. He is a bookworm on whom no woman has ever smiled. He loves Jacqueline, and she knows it; and, believing her husband to be false, she places herself under the protection of the bookworm. He is much delighted. He tries to impress her by boasting of past loves, and produces a boxful of letters and other souvenirs which he pretends to be the spoils of conquests. Later, when he sees that she can't stand him, he confesses to her, in broken accents, and at great length, that all the letters were snubs, and that none of the souvenirs had any romance attached to it. This scene, if the bookworm in the original version was a life-like character, may have had a certain sentimental value—of a cheap enough kind. But it is quite intolerably mawkish when the bookworm has been hitherto presented as a mere figure of fun. Mr. Ernest Lawford plays the part amusingly, but he really must (if the play is still going on) not attempt to be touching. Mr. Julian L'Estrange, as Jacqueline's husband, puts life into a dummy part. Of Miss Billie Burke, as Jacqueline, what can I say? I have so little to go upon. Mr. Harrison presents her. Mr. Frohman presents her. But never for one instant does she present herself. To do so is no part of her scheme. Her theory of acting is quite distinct from mine. Acting, I think, consists in expressing a character through the medium of oneself. Miss Burke (if I interpret her rightly) holds that it consists in obscuring oneself behind a cloud of funny little acquired mannerisms, without reference to any character whatsoever. Neither she nor Jacqueline is allowed to peep out for one moment. And for what we do see, the nearest parallel I can remember is in a performance given in the music-halls by an American gentleman who describes himself as a "Child Impersonator". He makes of his voice a sing-song squeak, and all the while wriggles his body and contorts his face in the most surprising way—especially surprising to anyone who has ever seen a real child. It can be but a very few years since Miss Burke was a real child; and thus her likeness to the Child Impersonator is the more curious. Add to that likeness a touch of the good fairy in a pantomime, and a blend of selected mannerisms of Miss Mary Moore, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Edna May and Miss Lottie Venne, and you will have some dim notion of what Miss Burke's method amounts to. Dimly through this enveloping cloud I could perceive signs of humour and intelligence. Clearly could I perceive plenty of "go". Some day, perhaps, Miss Burke will begin to act. But there is no chance of this unless she unlearn all that she has taught herself. I suggest that she should make a "retreat", of several months, in some remote convent, spending her days in silent meditation. Then, for several years, let her not go near a theatre, but devote herself to the task of observing minutely the way in

which young women comport themselves in real life. At the end of that period, let her apply for a small part in some theatre where the stage-manager is a good one. And at length, after many, many years of hard work, let her go to Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Charles Frohman, those veterans, and ask them to present her all over again.

In last week's issue of this Review there was an admirable letter from Mr. Anthony Scarlett on the subject of Mr. Gordon Craig's work. Mr. Scarlett was quite right to be surprised at my not having mentioned Mr. Craig in my article about the National Theatre scheme. I was not less surprised myself. My excuse for the omission is this. In writing about the National Theatre scheme and the hopelessness that any good—anything but intense dullness—would come of it if it were established as a reality, and in clamouring for a small endowed repertory theatre, I was thinking of the need for encouraging the young dramatists of the day. It is obvious that the present tendency of all that is vital in dramaturgy is towards comic or tragic realism of contemporary life. Also it is obvious that Mr. Craig, arranging the scenery and lighting and costumes of a realistic tragedy or comedy, would either have to forswear his methods, and thus waste his time, or would wreck the play, and thus waste his time and ours. When I wrote the aforesaid article, I did not know that Mr. Herbert Trench on the one hand, or Mr. Charles Frohman on the other, was about to spring on us an assured scheme for some such repertory theatre as I vaguely clamoured for. Mr. Trench's scheme includes the revival of certain Shakespearean plays. I daresay, too, that he will find a modern poetic drama or two, worthy to be produced, and a modern fantasy or two. I strongly recommend him to beckon Mr. Craig from the Arno to the Haymarket. Among those monsters in embryo, the directors of the National Theatre (gentlemen to be appointed, as you may remember, by the Crown and the Colonies and the large provincial cities and the academic institutions), Mr. Craig, obviously, could not hope to have a look-in. Some sixty pompous and timid mediocrities would shun a man of genius (even if his genius were not working along new lines) as they would shun the plague. It would be useless to recommend Mr. Craig to them, even if they already existed. Mr. Trench exists, fresh and free. I don't ask him to promise that all such poetic or fantastic plays as he may produce shall be according to Mr. Craig's methods. Merely let him experiment, and see what happens. It is ludicrous that Mr. Craig should be not without honour in all countries but this one. It is also very characteristic of this one.

THE GHOST OF JOHN STINT.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

WHAT has become of the ghost of John Stint?

Assuming a concrete hereafter, would he sit with a golden crown on his head or fizzle in the brimstone pit? Stint was a hard-bitten miser. For full fifty years he and his helpmate skinned flints in a land of flints. Stint stood for all that is self-help. His start in life was very lowly. I feel sure, though I have not traced his steps so far back, that Stint must have pigged it. He would begin with the usual sow. The sow by and by makes a cow that cheaply crops by the roadside and on the freeholders' common. Scrape, slave and starve, and an acre or two of meadow is got, and the man has risen to be farmer. More scrape, slave, starve, and he is his own landlord. Only give him, like virtue, the wages of going on, he will end by being another man's landlord.

The first I faintly remember of Stint was not his sow; it was a horse whose bones stuck out as if they must be forced clean through the skin when the beast was jolted to a trot. Lean beasts are common to men who start on nothing and are going to rise in life, God knows how. But on John Stint's horse there seemed not more lean than fat. A bag of bones was that beast. The horse then came after the pig and cow. It belonged to the time when Stint was growing in trade. He opened a shop and gave tick, dark little shop with pocked

apples in the window, and a stink within of bootlaces and tallow. And now Stint was coming on fast. Even as children we knew the miser for a farmer who went to market on Saturday and owned World's End. World's End, which stands to-day as John Stint's monument, is two plaster-and-mud cottages at the top of the windy hill facing north. It stands in a field of half an acre, a measly patch of land between the farm and the great wood. It is never long without tenants. No place could be set better for poacher and gip. Fuel is cheap at World's End. There is snapwood at its very doorway. With rabbits and fuel to be had for the trouble of taking them, Stint showed a sort of genius—currant-eyed, farthing-souled, still genius—in building World's End. But how the water supply has been allowed by the health man is a mystery. Stint sank no well. He knew he would have to go deep for that and be ruined in the act. He would as soon have thought of sinking a coalmine there. Fools sink deep wells for wise men to draw water from. Instead, he gave his hovels a little tank, a tank for two.

The high underwood threw right up against the back of World's End, brushing the rotten roofs, and the tank rain-water took on it a green slime. It was the kind of tank in which julus thrives. Playing by this tank, one of the gipsy children fell in. Father and mother were away, working or drinking, and though its companions strove hard to fish it out, it died there. They still drink the water from World's End tank.

What with World's End and the tick-shop and his bits of land, Stint came to be capitalist. He came through the savings bank. A depositor's book was his Bible, from Genesis to Revelation: Psalms, Job, and Song of Solomon. It did not include Balaam and the ass—that came later. Driving home from market on Saturday, Stint and his wife lost their wretched pony on the road. It did not turn round and speak to them when they beat it—it dropped dead. The old couple had to limp home, and what with the shock of the pony's death and the weary tramp and their aged bones, they fell sick. The woman died, and the old man was left alone with a slip of a girl—a sort of marchioness like Swiveller's—to mind him.

He guttered out in the place where he had sold farthing dips. His kin would not come nigh him at the black close. Finally, the marchioness bolted. I heard that she stole all the money that was in the cottage ere she went. But that may be touching up the story. It is likelier there was no money left to steal. Stint indeed had given away his fortune to his heir that the State might not rob him. The irony of it—he who had never given away anything gave away everything! He lived a life of meanness—Death crowned it with this signal act of generosity.

His haggling and hoarding, his plaster hovels with their tank of green slime, his lean beasts, point to the pit. Yet who could say Stint had not civic virtue? He paid the rate. He never ran into debt, nor drank, nor betted, nor allowed himself a luxury—he had none of the popular vices. He leant on nobody. He toiled all his days—and made others toil. Put these on the credit side: a clerk who left them out would lie. Going through this muddled balance sheet of life, in which a god seems to have faked the figures lest man should learn too much, one sees this at least clear enough—there is a fine line to be drawn somewhere between the virtue of saving and the vice of saving. But who shall draw it?

Who that has competed for his own ends in the stark markets of the world shall set up to judge John Stint? Who that has not competed, because too comfortable or too incapable to compete, shall judge him? On the whole we had better not give John Stint too final an abode. After all, if he had only seen the line where virtue grows a vice, and had pulled up short, it might have been so different! It seems more convenient to think of him as in some waiting-room betwixt the worlds. Might one picture him in purgatory? Pray for the soul of John Stint.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DOUBLE DUTCH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 Ward Street, Kimberley, Cape Colony, South Africa,
10 April 1909.

SIR,—The South African Act of Union has been received with a chorus of well-meaning approval, but in one particular, and that by far the most important—in fact the only important one—it deserves the severest condemnation that could be meted out to it.

The whole of South Africa has been indirectly under the blight of polyglottism (meaning Dutch and English), but up to now only three colonies have come directly under its maleficent influence. Natal, Rhodesia and Nyassaland are as English-speaking as the British Isles; the Dutch language is virtually non-existent in them. (Which fact, by the way, is the reason they were loyal to England during the war and furnished no quota to the rebels against her.) Yet the Act of Union states that the Dutch language is to have equality in every particular with English throughout the Union! (Rhodesia and Nyassaland have not yet joined the Union, but they certainly will eventually: Rhodesia delegates signed the Act.) This means that Natal, Rhodesia and Nyassaland, which up to the present have been monoglot, are to be made polyglot, are to be handed over to the Dutch language. To give an idea of what that means, let me adduce one or two comparisons. No parallel can of course be absolutely exact, but the following will serve.

There is at present a pro-Erse campaign in Ireland. Suppose that it were decided that in future Erse is to have equality with English, not merely in Ireland, but throughout the United Kingdom! How would that prospect appeal to England? Or, better still: suppose that England and South Africa agreed to unite with each other to form one Union, a sort of partial Imperial Union embracing only England and South Africa. Suppose that it were then agreed that Dutch should stand on an equality with English throughout the two countries (South Africa and the United Kingdom) parties to the Union. This would mean that England, which does not speak a word of Dutch, would be converted from a monoglot to a polyglot country; would find herself saddled with Dutch. No Englishman would be admissible to the Civil Service or to anything connected with the Government unless he could speak Dutch. If the railways were ever nationalised (they are in South Africa) admission to the railway service would only be through the portal of compulsory Dutch. How this prospect would endear itself to all Englishmen!

You may say the picture is fanciful. It is not. It is an exact replica of the state of affairs in South Africa which will be the eventual outcome of this precious Act of Union. The Act doubles the area of the Dutch language. Dutch has up to the present only had a footing in Cape Colony, Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. But now, thanks to this Act, its area will eventually be increased by the addition of Rhodesia, Natal and Nyassaland. Was it worth while spending £250,000,000 and 20,000 lives for this?

It also perpetuates Dutch in the Cape Colony, Transvaal and Orange River Colony. And my contention is that Dutch has been the sole cause of all our difficulties in those three colonies. There would never have been a war in 1899 if there had been no Dutch language in South Africa. Therefore the Act, instead of (a) perpetuating Dutch in those colonies where it exists and (b) extending it to those where it does not exist, should have sought to extinguish it altogether.

It may be urged: "Equal rights" should apply to everything, language included. That is a pernicious fallacy. Language differs from everything else. By all means equal rights for all white races, be they two or twenty. But to have equal rights for languages means polyglottism, which in turn means disunion, dissension and war. Enter a room containing a dozen men, every one of a different white race. If they all speak but one language, you will notice no material difference between them. But enter a room containing a dozen men all of

exactly the same race, every one speaking a different language; there is no unity among them.

Compulsory Dutch means the exclusion of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Australians, Canadians and English-speaking South Africans from all services where it obtains. It means hoisting the placard "Only Dutch-speakers need apply". If South Africa were to pass an immigration law excluding Englishmen, I have no doubt an outcry would ensue. Compulsory Dutch acts far more effectively than the most drastic Exclusion Act.

But the chief reason why the Dutch tongue should be extinguished is that but for it there would be no dissension between "Dutch" and "English". There are in the United States many people of Dutch race. But they speak no Dutch at all nor do they desire to. They thus form an integral part of a united nation and are indistinguishable from the rest of Americans.

This letter is not written against the Dutch race. To prove that I have no animus against that race I will go so far as to say this: If every man of English race in South Africa were suddenly spirited out of the country, leaving it in sole possession of the Dutch race, the resulting state of affairs would not be in the least detrimental to the interests of Great Britain, provided always that the said Dutch race left in sole possession spoke only English.

If you oust one set of English-speakers to replace them by another set of English-speakers, even if the race of the latter be purely Dutch, the English language does not suffer (though of course a cruel injustice has been inflicted on those who have been ousted). But if you oust a set of English-speakers to replace them by a set of Dutch-speakers (of any race) you deal a stinging blow at the English language and all who speak it. If you have any bias against England and you feel you must vent it, vent it on the English race (though even that would be unjust), but not on the English language.

There is no objection whatever to the Dutch race, but there are insuperable objections to the Dutch language. I am not impugning the good faith of those who agreed on the disastrous language clause. There is no doubt that they desire the reconciliation of South Africa, and that they honestly believe it to be achieved—as is the universal opinion—by the said clause. There could not be a greater mistake.

There is another suggestion I wish to put forward. It should not be possible for any local gathering of gentlemen (either in South Africa or anywhere else), no matter how well-intentioned, to draw up any instrument affecting the English language. Let them deal at fullest liberty with their own local affairs—ports and harbours, railways and tariffs, &c.—but the English language should be entirely outside their province. That is a matter which concerns not only them but every man, in whatever part of the world he may be, who speaks English. The English delegates at Cape Town have thus been very generous with what was not theirs to give, and in so doing they have unwittingly played ducks and drakes with the interests of all concerned.

What should be done? This: Give South Africa anything but the Dutch language. This Act is the most important one that has come before the British people for many years, inasmuch as no other has proposed to inflict such severe disabilities on the English language. And the English language is everything.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. W. ALDERSON.

TEACHER-TARIFF REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield.

SIR,—The Board of Education has recently issued a circular (No. 709) which for the first time in many years actually improves the conditions of elementary education by revising the Code's tariff of teachers: not very drastically perhaps, but still to good effect. The enforcement of this circular will, moreover, provide work for many of the fully trained teachers who are still unable to fulfil their promise to the Government by taking posts in schools; but the outlay which this advance will cause is already arousing opposition, more particularly because

the circular follows so closely upon the Premier's refusal to increase the State's subsidy for local education.

But local authorities who have hitherto done their duty in the matter of school staffing will find that the circular adds but little to their burdens; only backward—and therefore lightly rated—areas will feel its pressure.

The circular is not yet part of the Code; and it would be a grave misfortune if the outcry of those who have not hitherto shouldered their full responsibilities were to cause the withdrawal of a regulation which is essentially economical in that it provides for greater efficiency at the cutting-edge of the educational machine: in the contact between teacher and taught. The excessive burdens of some local authorities are a constant peril to education, for the action these authorities feel themselves forced from time to time to take is copied by other authorities by no means so badly placed. Should not some attempt be made to equalise the burden of the education rate as between one authority and another, since the State refuses to increase its aid?

The more practical education which the writer of one of your leading articles so justifiably demands is bound up with a reduction in the size of classes. Children can be taught to "read" and to "write" in droves; but classes for manual training are far smaller: they must not run to more than a score of pupils or thereabouts—even the Code says so.

I remain, yours faithfully,
FRANK J. ADKINS.

S. ANSELM'S PROOF OF GOD'S EXISTENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 May 1909.

SIR,—You correctly point out that S. Anselm's ontological proof of Theism, which the Schoolmen discarded, found its veritable apotheosis in the latter-day systems of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Hegel. While Scholastics will admit that the conclusion from the idea of an "Infinite Self-existing Being" to such Being's actual existence is legitimate, still, in their estimation, the argument fails as an independent proof of Theism. For we can only acquire the idea of the self-existing Being as the result of our inferring, from the existence of the finite and contingent things about us that there must in fact also exist as their necessary cause a First Cause, which is the "self-existing Being". It is this inference which originates the idea of the self-existing Being, so that the employment of S. Anselm's argument presupposes our having already established the very thing his argument seeks to establish, namely the existence of the self-existing Being.

Descartes and Leibnitz sought to escape this objection, for according to them the idea of self-existing Being does not arise as an inference of fact but is "inborn".

Still, from the Scholastic standpoint, S. Anselm's argument has its uses. For having once established independently the existence of the self-existing Being, we can proceed with Leibnitz to deduce from the idea "Infinite Self-existing Being" that such Infinite Being in fact exists—a short way of proving that the Being which is self-existent must also be infinite. It is doubtful whether the saint really claimed more than this for his proof.

I am not of the opinion that S. Anselm's proof is the only thing of value to be found in the "dust-heap" of the Schoolmen's speculations.

I am, Sir, etc.
FRANCIS O. CLUTTON.

THE VALUE OF OBSERVATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Maymyo, Upper Burma, 10 April 1909.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article on "The Habit of Observation", by Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood V.C., in your issue of 20 March. As Sir Evelyn remarks, the savage acquires the habit of observation in a high degree, but he is urged thereto by the need of seeking his food or protecting himself from his

enemies. Moreover, he begins to learn when young, and soon has to forage for himself.

With us these incentives are wanting; but there remains the fact that early training is essential. With this in view I would urge the prime importance of teaching zoology and botany in all schools. There is no training comparable with exercise in these sciences for developing the habit of accurate observation. And in connexion with zoology and botany there are two inestimable advantages: they are interesting to the young, especially when combined with field work, and the teacher can readily demonstrate to the learner any mistakes made in observation.

J. R. FORREST, Lieut.-Colonel, R.A.M.C.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S NOVELS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Max Beerbohm, in writing (8 May) of the play by Mr. Bennett, "What the Public Wants", expresses his disappointment to find that the novels of this author published previously to "The Old Wives' Tale" are "potboilers". Permit me to demur, as a not uncritical admirer of Mr. Bennett's work and a close follower of it for some years past. It is true that some of the novels are obviously on a more popular plane than others. In fact it has seemed to be the habit of this author to alternate amusing and frankly sensational concoctions with serious works of art. If Mr. Beerbohm calls "Teresa of Watling Street" a potboiler, for example, he is perhaps justified. A few of the short stories also have evidently been written for popular magazines, though even here some touches of distinction are visible. I am not aware, however, of any sense in which the term "potboiler" can justly be applied to novels like "Anna of the Five Towns", "Leonora", "Whom God hath Joined", and others. As for the story "A Great Man", its comedic spirit and artistic success are precisely those of the recent play which Mr. Beerbohm praises so ungrudgingly. Some of the short stories in "Tales of the Five Towns" come as near to Maupassant, in my humble opinion, as anything in English; and "The Death of Simon Fuge", one of another collection of tales, is not only remarkable, but has merits of a sort that would quite preclude it from publication in an ordinary English magazine.

I write this letter not because such work as I have named needs vindication, but because an indiscriminate relegation of so much that is excellent seems hardly fair. In effect it is peculiarly unjust when made on so high an authority as Mr. Beerbohm's. I may add that Mr. Bennett's sensational stories do not seem to me potboilers in any contemptible sense. Single novels have their atmosphere, but there is also the cumulative atmosphere, so to speak, achieved by an author in a succession of works. I venture to fancy that an intelligent reader, who had followed at leisure the serious works I have particularised, would then find in the so-called popular stories by Mr. Bennett a great deal that might excusably be missed by the incidental critic.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
AN HABITUAL READER.

SIR WILLIAM GAIRDNER'S PAPERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, 12 May 1909.

SIR,—In response to the wishes of Lady Gairdner and her family, I have undertaken to edit the medical and scientific papers and articles of the late Sir William Tennant Gairdner, and to preface the collection with a biography.

In order to render the work as worthy as possible of the memory of the late Professor, I am desirous of enlisting the sympathy and help of his friends. I venture therefore to request through your columns that anyone who has in his possession any letters or other literary remains of Sir William Gairdner will be so kind as to communicate with me.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
G. A. GIBSON M.D.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

95 Philbeach Gardens S.W.

SIR,—Every lover of good music ought to be most grateful to you for the excellent article published in your Review on the Opera. I believe that the SATURDAY is the only paper sufficiently independent to publish an article revealing how very unsatisfactory the present arrangements are at Covent Garden. There was a time when London heard only the best operatic artists, but unfortunately this is far from being the case at present, and a great many singers of distinctly second rank are now engaged for the so-called grand season. It is of course impossible to compete with the New York Opera, as I understand the members of the Syndicate there prefer good performances to dividends, but for all that the London standard ought not to be allowed to sink so low. There are still a fair number of good artists who are never heard here, and a visit to New York during the winter would most likely suggest a few names to the Covent Garden management. A conference with Mahler, Toscanini, and Dippel might be most productive of good. But, apart from the question of singers, the selection of works given this season is so very unsatisfactory. Leaving the extraordinary exclusion in these days of Wagner's works, it is simply astounding that Mozart is entirely unrepresented. The management are not producing "Don Giovanni", "Figaro", or "Flauto Magico"; the omission of these works and "Fidelio" during the "grand" season is nothing short of a disgrace. Coming to new works, it would be most interesting to hear one of the Strauss operas, and d'Albert's "Tiefland" might be given a hearing. One fully realises the enormous difficulties that must exist in running the Opera, but at the same time, after every allowance has been made, one cannot but feel that artistic ideas are given very scanty consideration at Covent Garden. One therefore feels very grateful that at least one critic has the pluck to speak out on behalf of the public.—I remain yours truly,

C. SYMONS.

ORGAN v. ORCHESTRA, RE WIDOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 Hotham Road, Putney S.W.

SIR,—I do not presume to criticise the opinions of eminent musicians as to the incompatibility of organ and orchestra as they stand. They were not, however, always regarded as incompatible, and it is surely worth while to inquire how far the blame now cast upon the organ in the abstract is due to the concrete modern example: a brutal and intractable machine, not only warring with music generally, but inevitably vitiating to the ear of any musician given to the handling of it.

THOMAS CASSON.

HOW TO SAVE THE NORFOLK HOLBEIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 May 1909.

SIR,—No one could be more sorry than myself to lose the "Duchess of Milan" from the National Gallery. There is a method of raising the necessary funds which may be worth consideration.

The Board of Education are providing art training for about 140,000 students annually, the great majority of whom have no possible market for their work. Even if there should be some genius among them, would it not be better for him to be trained in the schools of difficulty such as many great masters knew? Is it not even possible that a youth with Holbein's power, in a crowded school with all modern facilities, might be drilled into something commonplace?

Why not simply take the funds away from the art schools of the Board of Education to pay for the Holbein and some other masterpieces of the past?

It might even be wiser to provide rare opportunity for great decorative work to the very rare man capable of enriching our national art rather than to induce 180,000 youths a year to "take up" art as a profession.

Faithfully yours,

A. L. M.

REVIEWS.

THE MYSTERY OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

"William Morris." By Alfred Noyes. (English Men of Letters Series.) London: Macmillan. 1908. 2s. net.

VIEWED externally, and with any swiftmess, Morris' life must always have something of the bewildering effect of one of his own prose-romances—those rapid drifts of bright inconsequent pictures, like painted cards cast down by a cryptic player; and the main problem, therefore, confessed or concealed, of all his biographers and critics has been to discover the secret system that guided the player's hand, to fit all those varied activities into one vivid unanimous design. "I am large—I contain multitudes", bellowed Whitman; and Morris might have echoed the proud roar. It is not merely that he was "the poetic upholsterer", that he "wrote 'David Balfours' and built lighthouses too"—stamping from architecture to painting, from painting to poetry, from poetry to prose, from prose to carpentry, to dyeing, to weaving, to printing, to tub-thumping, to pamphleteering. Nor is it even that any one of these activities, on analysis, splits up into a further range of opposites—his poetry, for instance, flying apart into a mad medley of materials quarried in the most diverse centuries and soils, in Athens and Iceland, in Arabia and Provence. For every one of these elements, every one of these activities, was but the frank projection of a constant instinct; and in the centre of the turmoil, behind this ring of contrasts, there lay an organism more baffling still: the simple-hearted human who kept all these instincts packed peacefully together in a single brain. "Do I contradict myself?" he too might have easily enquired. "Very well, then—I contradict myself." He identified himself with Sigurd the Volsung, and adopted Joe Gargery as his prototype. He has been compared, very justly, with Dr. Johnson, and, no less acutely, with Don Quixote. He had the close, filmed eye of the dreamer; "His eyes", wrote Burne-Jones, "were the most inexpressive I ever saw"; and the body and bearing of a North Sea skipper. "Beg pardon, sir," said the man in Kensington High Street, "but weren't you once captain of the 'Sea Swallow'?" He hated vagueness as furiously as Blake—and admired Maeterlinck; never hunted, but revelled in Jorrockes; wrote "The Defence of Guenevere", was profoundly influenced by "The Heir of Redclyffe", and devoured railroad fiction rapaciously. He was a simple-hearted visionary, and a very successful man of affairs. He was a child to the end of his days and as loving as a child; but for other children he had small affection. No voluptuary ever revelled more ecstatically in the physical satisfactions of life; and no anchorite ever dwelt more insistently upon their transience and vanity. He passed at a stride from the wizard moons and nightmare voices of "Rapunzel" to the sun-drenched lullabies of "The Earthly Paradise". He was bourgeois by birth, a democrat by creed, and a haughty aristocrat by temper. He had exuberant sympathy for the poor; and was never known (as Rossetti pointed out) to give a penny to a beggar. And so on interminably. Plainly, then, the biographer, the critic, who would summarise all these aspects—giving them to us, not in rotation, but super-imposed so deftly that they swim into a common image—must come unusually equipped. He too must know something, sympathetically, of the tempers of both aesthete and ascetic; he too must be an habitué of many civilisations, and know the roads that lead east of the sun and west of the moon; and (this above all) he too must be possessed not only by a delicate love for poetry but by a passionate appreciation of the fabric of life itself.

So that there is nothing querulous in the suggestion that of all the efforts which have yet been made none has been more than partial. Great names have not been lacking: Swinburne and Pater, Mr. Mackail, Mr. Symons, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Shaw, and a dozen others have each covered a paradise; but each has either begun by

blurring every other portrait in the gallery or has ended by excluding from his scheme some piece of bright colour that seemed integral to all the rest. Thus Mr. Mackail believes that the central unifying motive of Morris' life was nothing less than "the reconstruction of the civilised life of mankind"; while Mr. Symons, on the other hand, precisely inverts this conception, and sees those attempts at social reconstruction as nothing more than the chance-children of a central instinct for design—an instinct that expressed itself now in paint, now in coloured words, and lastly in the bodies of living men and women. And whilst Mr. Symons thus sees a delicate æsthetic impulse linking his life into unity, another poet, Lionel Johnson, asserted its true leit-motiv to be a burly, bucolic hunger for "the primal entities of nature". And so throughout, sketch defeating sketch: each one partial. Of them all it is perhaps Walter Pater's early silver-point that still remains the most inclusive. Unlike Swinburne's sanguine study (flung down frankly as a rousing view-hulloa) it gains more than it loses by being done prematurely, before the abounding activities of Morris' later life had come to perturb the scene still further. For Pater, in his fundamental way, saw that the leap from "King Arthur's Tomb" to "The Earthly Paradise" was something more than a merely technical transition; he perceived in it a kind of monkish recoil, a frightened revulsion from questionable twilight shapes to the simple sanities of corn and sea and sun; and if one approaches the hurly-burly of subsequent efforts with this clue in hand the whole thing does seem to stiffen dramatically out into a continuous and cumulative design. His whole life becomes a kind of fighting retreat; and all his activities a long sequence of desperate defences and redoubts. Frightened by the dark, his child-mind sought frantically for solidity: he would build barricades of solid beauty, substantiate his dreams, weight the immaterial loveliness of poetry with the concrete beauty of burly print and paper. He knew of course that the darkness was more enduring than these gross, comfortable things, that he had no real power to delay "quick-coming death"; but the knowledge merely forced him to still more frantic labours: like a man hotly besieged he flung up wild barricades of tables and chairs and brocades; until at last, in his extremity, he reached the most living and most mortal of all earthly fabrics, the solid bodies of actual men and women.

And Mr. Noyes? If the author of "The Forest of Wild Thyme" possesses any of the virtues one ascribes to him, he himself would earnestly desire that his little sketch should be forgotten. It is a curiously weak and slipshod effort, abounding in tushery. Mr. Noyes has his own little shot at the problem of course; he too tries to disclose the spiritual continuity in Morris' work; but in place of Mr. Mackail's ripe dignity or Pater's virile subtlety or Mr. Symons' delicacy or Mr. Yeats' distinction, he has nothing but a gushing admiration for some of Morris' work, a plainly perfunctory acquaintance with the rest and an abounding facility in coining shoddy metaphors. Not by this kind of technique will the ultimate portrait be painted; and the faux pas of the English Men of Letters editor is a reminder, slightly irritating, that the portrait is still unachieved.

THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

"The Mystical Element of Religion as Studied in Saint Catherine of Genoa and her Friends." By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. 2 vols. London: Dent. 1909. 21s. net.

THIS book—to take its own testimony—embodies well-nigh all that the writer has been able to learn and to test in the matter of religion during now some thirty years of adult life. As a Catholic and a lay lover of religion he offers his own conclusions to the test and judgment of his fellow-Christians and of the Catholic Church. Born in Italy, of a Scottish mother, he came under the influence of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" and devoted himself to the study of mysticism as illustrated by the Life of Catterinetta Fiesca

Adorna and her friends. His choice of this particular subject was due to two causes: there was, in the first place, a deep attraction to the saint's doctrine of the soul's self-chosen intrinsic purification, and, secondly, the discovery that the records of her life and doctrine were in a state of apparently hopeless complication. In respect of his text (if the term will serve) the writer is thus the reverent Higher Critic of a religious biography; and in one of its three aspects his book is offered as "one more detailed example of the laws which govern such growths and of the critical method necessary for the tracing out of their operation".

This part of the book—the historico-critical constituent—impels us to plead for caution in the application of the method to other records and herein to the gospels. The Joannine Gospel is described as Pauline and as containing a predominantly subjective strain in contrast with the objective character attributed to the substance of the Synoptic tradition. In the discussion of the sources from which Catherine derived her conceptions it is hinted that in the Joannine writings facts have been manipulated and re-set—if (that is) they contain any kernel of historical truth at all. It is said, for example: "Already at the Jordan Andrew and Nathaniel have declared Jesus to be the Christ the Son of God; yet they His disciples are said to have believed in Him at Cana in consequence of His miracle there." At first the reader who believes in the historic claims of the fourth gospel and in its particular value as a master-key to the right understanding of the other fragmentary records is inclined to hope that his belief is to be endorsed. The inference actually drawn is this: "We thus get in John precisely the same logically paradoxical but psychologically and spiritually most accurate and profound combination of an apparent completeness of faith at each point of special illumination with a sudden re-beginning and impulsive upward shifting of the soul's light and believing."

Now this document is accepted as generally authentic by some students of the period which it pretends to pourtray. Jewish scholars in particular are inclined to treat it with respect. As yet their study of the gospels is only beginning, and the end is in the future. As yet they can speak impartially, and their acceptance of the fourth gospel deserves attention. To be assured that in details this document is also psychologically most accurate is all to the good: logical paradoxes are not unknown in the history of mankind. But the biographer of S. Catherine presents a statement of "the general forms and laws which regulate the growth of all religious devotional biography". General laws do not take account of particular circumstances; and circumstances alter cases.

There are three of these laws: "the law of contemporary, simultaneous, spontaneous variation of apprehension; the law of posterior, successive, reflective variation of elaboration; the law of conservation, juxtaposition and identification." Applying these laws to the New Testament corpus our author obtains results which effectually exclude our first impression. To the first of these tendencies or stages he refers only "the Aramaic annotations of the apostle Levi-Matthew and the reminiscences of another eye-witness, presumably S. Peter". The Joannine writings belong to the second; they are, in fact, regarded not as an independent record but as an interpretation of the primary authorities, and an interpretation affected by S. Paul at that.

Few would deny that the fourth gospel, as we have it in the Greek, has a veil over its face; but it is surely possible to maintain that there is something historically true behind the veil. The extent and contents of the Aramaic annotations are in dispute; the reminiscences of S. Peter were conditioned by the occasions and the circumstances which preceded their embodiment in the second gospel. The fourth gospel—to pass for the present the man who tried to write true history in the third—may contain an interpretation of the teaching of Jesus, but its facts are not therefore fictions because they are not found elsewhere.

It is a fashionable and already a traditional dogma that the second gospel, or sundry parts of it, constitute

the standard by which all else must be tested, if it or they do not comprise the whole of our trustworthy information. The dogma is published cheaply on the bookstalls of the railway stations. In the cheaper editions you will find, as you would expect to find, that there is less of S. Mark and relatively more of vague and volatile ideas. Such dogmas are much to the mind of the populace. It is not difficult to accept them, and they accord with natural tendencies. It is a detail of ancient history that Jesus Christ was crucified—if, indeed, He ever lived. His distinctive teaching (if He ever taught at all) was an abnormal insistence upon the necessity of self-sacrifice. He was a Jew, and the sacred books of the Church which claims Him as its founder, though they exist in English and German, are translations from unknown tongues. Ancient history is a Camarina to the modern man or (to use his language) it is anathema marantha. The other disabilities of this faith are equally patent. Such a dogma is therefore like a new knife in the hand of a boy. For this if for no other reason we venture to plead with Baron von Hügel that he should reconsider this matter of the fourth gospel, before he issues the second edition of his great apologia for religion. He appreciates the dim illumination precedent to the dawn of life and light in the person of Christ; but—with all deference to his many-sided culture and his wide and deep experience—he does not seem to take right account of the temporal and local environment of nascent Christianity.

Levi-Matthew and S. Peter were not the only eye-witnesses of the life of Jesus. Paul was not the only Pharisee who believed in Him and brought into His service a mature theology. The Jews of those days were looking for a deliverer, and found one here and another there. As each failed in turn or in turn forfeited his divine commission by disobedience to the law, they looked back. Prophet and priests, warriors, and even foreign emperors had been among the servants of their God: they could only wait to see whom God would send them now. In the dark ages which preceded the dawn there had been many such deliverers. In the history of that Jew, who deserves to be known as Flavius Josephus, there are prophets and scribes and robbers who by action or retirement endeavoured to realise the reign of God. None of them was styled Messiah, if we can trust the records: the recorders knew of their discomfiture, and in any case the title was, so far as we can judge, neither ancient nor common. But—and here we come back to our example of John's deviations—the word means anointed, and its application to any of God's messengers implies recognition by some competent authority.

John Baptist greeted Jesus with a scripture. So the rabbi Aqiba greeted Bar Cochba. It would have been difficult for any prophet or prominent person to avoid being hailed by someone as God's envoy. In fine, the fourth gospel is in touch with the life of the time and its vocabulary is essentially Hebraic.

The application of these laws to the gospels is after all subsidiary to the great purpose of the book. It contains a survey of all the philosophers from Plato to Schopenhauer, and a chapter devoted to "the place of psychophysics matters in the life-system of the great mystical saints". As a plea for "that large asceticism which alone can effect within the same soul a fruitful co-habitation of . . . social religion, the scientific habit of mind and the mystical element of religion", we can only commend it most warmly and treasure it most gratefully. It is a good book in the highest sense of the term, and its place is beside the works of Philo Judæus.

ALWAYS "THE CASTLE".

"Dublin Castle and the Irish People." By R. Barry O'Brien. London: Kegan Paul. 1909. 7s. 6d. net

THE prime cause of Irish discontent was once diagnosed as the fact that "the Government never goes out". Dublin Castle is permanent. Mr. O'Brien, who heartily dislikes the present system of government

in Ireland, attributes its defects to Dublin Castle being controlled from London. He refrains from the wild accusations against the Castle that form the stock-in-trade of so many Irish politicians, and this is to his credit. He does not regard it as a den of thieves or traitors: he sees that Irish officials are as honest and conscientious as their neighbours. But since the Chief Secretary is hardly ever an Irishman—and the few Irishmen who have filled the post have been fiercely abused by their compatriots—it follows that the Castle (however worthy its officials) is a bulwark of alien rule, and therefore anathema. This thesis is developed at great length in an amorphous work describing every Board and Department in Ireland, too much biassed to be of much use as a book of reference, too closely crammed with details and figures to be easily read. When the author wearies of copying directories he inserts an imaginary or real conversation on Irish politics, often amusing, sometimes instructive. The book is most skilfully constructed, alike in its statements and its omissions, to appeal to the English Liberal mind. Mr. O'Brien is careful never to define his terms: his business is not to think clearly, but to write effectively, with an eye to people who never think. Of course the orthodox Liberal has by anticipation admitted the case here presented. If it is true that a majority of uneducated people of any portion of the world's surface is entitled to have the form of government which its wire-pullers choose to demand, then it is clear that the government of Ireland offends against sound principles. Lord John Russell enunciated this doctrine as applicable to every part of Europe except Ireland: Mr. Gladstone extended it to Ireland—and Mr. Birrell brought in an Irish Council Bill.

This book is largely a eulogy of Mr. Birrell, who is complimentarily described as a Scotsman and as "running himself"—unlike some of his predecessors at the Chief Secretary's Lodge—and contains much special pleading for the Land Bill by which Mr. Birrell, at the prompting of Mr. John Dillon, hopes to upset the land purchase settlement and to hand Connaught over to be governed by the United Irish League. But these points are of ephemeral interest. It is of more importance to examine the author's views on the system of Irish government.

He begins gaily by a list of Viceroys and Chief Secretaries, labelled according to race, creed, and degree of "sympathy with the people". He takes care not to ask himself what "the people" means, and to what "sympathy" amounts. Of course "the people" to an Irish Nationalist simply means that particular section which is agitating, or may be induced to agitate, at the moment. In the 'eighties the farmers were "the people": to-day the labourers have discovered that "the land for the people" meant nothing for the labourer, while many Roman Catholic Nationalist farmers who belonged to "the people" twenty years ago are now having their cattle driven by "the people". To judge from the recent National Convention in Dublin, the voice of the "people of Ireland" is not uninfluenced on occasion by the concerted action of excursionists from the slums of Belfast. But analysis is not Mr. O'Brien's strong point. He displays in a fine degree the pedantry of Separatism: to him the King is always "the English King". He quietly assumes another advantage by deciding that Irish Nationalists are genuine Irish politicians, however obedient they may be to English Liberalism, whereas Irish Conservatives are hangers-on of an English party. It is of great interest to note that Mr. O'Brien does not care to discuss the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in Irish politics. The innocent English reader will be inclined to fancy the political priest extinct! In the very complex web of Irish life Mr. O'Brien recognises merely two strands, the People (Irish) and the Government (English assisted by renegade Irishmen). This greatly simplifies the problem.

So much for his postulates. False analogies are also called into play. He seems to regard William Wallace and Wolfe Tone as having occupied practically identical political positions. He is not always as careful as he might be about facts. Thus he must know that it is malicious nonsense to pretend, as he does, that in the

nineteenth century "the forces of the English Crown were employed to shoot down Irish peasants because they refused to pay tithes to the parsons of an English Protestant Church". Refusal to pay tithes is not quite the same thing as the murder of tithe-proctors. But while his statements are uniformly biased against the landed gentry and the officials, it is only fair to say that the sentence just quoted stands almost alone: as a rule he allows himself licence only in his inferences. But he goes sadly astray about the action of Government towards the teaching of the Irish language, a question now exciting much feeling in Ireland. He says truly that before 1878 nothing was paid for Irish, but in that year a payment was arranged of ten shillings a pass per pupil in primary schools for a three years' course. Then he jumps to 1905, when he represents the fees (then amounting to £14,000 a year) as having been abolished. But they were not abolished then—though notice was given that they would be—and in the intervening years much had happened. In 1900 "results fees" in all subjects in primary schools were abolished, but fees for certain "extra branches" (including Irish) taught outside school hours were continued. In 1904 the fees for Irish amounted to £12,069, and teachers in some schools which were "inefficient" generally were making nearly £40 a year by the pretence of teaching Irish. In 1905 the Irish fees were not abolished, as Mr. O'Brien thinks, but were graduated from 3s. to 12s. a pupil (a change which he ascribes to 1907). In 1906, according to him, Mr. Bryce re-established fees ranging from 1s. to 2s. 6d. ("instead of 10s."), the fact being that besides these fees (which were extended to lower standards) £1000 a year was set apart for teaching Irish to teachers and in evening schools, and, in addition, a capitation grant of 4s. a child was given in Irish-speaking districts to schools adopting the bi-lingual programme. In 1907, according to Mr. O'Brien, the 3s. to 12s. was introduced for the first time: in fact it was reintroduced, and the capitation grant was raised to one ranging from 4s. to 8s. a child. We fear that this summary is tedious, but it is salutary to check Mr. O'Brien in detail, and when the British taxpayer realises that he is now finding £21,000 a year, and may soon be finding over £30,000, for the teaching of Irish, and that by its grants to "extern teachers" the Treasury is subsidising the Gaelic League, whose rank and file (though not its figureheads) are constantly preaching Separatism, these dull figures may become interesting. Mr. O'Brien's readers will find it very hard to discover the supremely important fact that the cost of primary education in Ireland is almost entirely defrayed not, as in England and Scotland, from the local rates but from imperial taxes. His omission to emphasise this point weakens his discussion of financial questions and to some extent vitiates his criticisms on the handling of the Irish development grant. It is claimed that Irish government is as extravagant as as it is unpopular: Ireland after paying for domestic administration contributes less than two millions a year to imperial services, while Scotland pays about six millions. Mr. O'Brien thinks that a Dublin Parliament would be economical: he suppresses all mention of the scandalous extravagance of the Dublin Corporation. But he seems to forget that the State expends in Ireland (perhaps not always wisely, but emphatically in deference to Irish demands) much money for which there is no equivalent imperial expenditure in England or Scotland. The Irish Land Commission (expenditure on which he thinks justifiable), many charges under the Board of Works and the Department of Agriculture, and capital expenditure on railways which private enterprise could not profitably undertake, have no counterpart on this side of the Irish Sea. Our author hides the facts that under Mr. Birrell the expenditure on the Royal Irish Constabulary has grown enormously, and that a superfluous judgship has been retained because the patronage was useful.

We had noted many other points, but must content ourselves with two. In pursuance of the Nationalist understanding that anything connected with Sir Horace Plunkett must be belittled, Mr. O'Brien (taking his cue from Mr. Birrell) has entirely failed to set forth the remarkable association of popular elective bodies with the central government in the Department of Agricul-

ture, which was, as its first Vice-President said, "built out of the newly established local government system". Sir Horace Plunkett ("Irish—Protestant—out of sympathy" no doubt Mr. O'Brien would say) invariably guided his policy by the opinion of the Council of Agriculture: Mr. T. W. Russell ("Scotch—Protestant—in sympathy") bluntly told the Council that if it did not accept his dictation, he would go to the Imperial Parliament to overrule it. Of course these inconvenient facts are not to be found in the book.

The second matter concerns the administration of justice. Mr. O'Brien talks the usual cant about jury-packing (forgetting that Mr. Bryce and Mr. Birrell have packed juries in the sense of challenging in the trial of agrarian conspirators fellow-members of agrarian conspiracies). He has the effrontery to pretend that the unpaid magistracy is at the beck and call of the Castle, when he must know that in agrarian trials the Nationalist magistrates flock from all parts of a county to the place of trial in order to defeat justice. He accuses the judges of being Unionist partisans and behaving as such in making "political" charges to grand juries. Now here Mr. O'Brien is making a much more serious admission than he recognises. If it is "politics" to denounce boycotting and intimidation, that can be only because this lawlessness—this negation of the elementary rights of the individual—is part of the political creed of the Nationalist party. Of course we knew this to be the truth, but we hardly expected Mr. O'Brien to testify to it.

OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE.

"Sheffield Plate." By H. N. Veitch. London: Bell. 1908. 25s. net.

THE literature on the minor arts and crafts of England is rapidly becoming extensive. One of the later contributions is a book on old Sheffield plate—a ware which, as all collectors know, was invented in the Yorkshire town of that name in 1742. It was produced, as electro-plate was in our own time, to meet the demand for a cheaper ware with the appearance of silver itself. The inventor was one Thomas Bolsover, whose energies were solely directed in applying his invention to the manufacture of small things such as buttons, buckles and snuff-boxes. Its application to the production of large vessels for domestic purposes—jugs, cups and the like—was due to the enterprise of the inventor's apprentice, Joseph Hancock. If we must choose a period when the art reached its highest level of excellence it would be the years between 1770 and 1790, when the architect, Robert Adam, was exercising a strong influence on art in England. A pretty hot-water jug in the well-known Adam style, of highly finished workmanship, is one of the numerous illustrations in the book. Needless to add, most of the designs of Sheffield plate were based upon those of contemporary silver-plate. One of the most interesting features in the volume is the series of illustrations from a maker's priced catalogue, believed to be that of Nathaniel Smith and Company, published between 1785 and 1800. But another equally interesting and valuable priced and illustrated catalogue, marked with the initials "T. L. and Co.", which doubtless represent Thomas Law and Company, of Sheffield (1805-1811), appears to have escaped the notice of the author. Important collections like that formed by Mr. A. J. Bethell have been drawn upon to provide illustrations of representative specimens of old Sheffield plate in existence to-day. In this connexion we may express regret that Mr. Veitch did not convince himself that the important collection made by Viscountess Wolsley was still in her possession before adding her name to the illustrations. It went over to New York some few years ago. Another error is the inclusion of an illustration of Colonel Cane's collection of Irish potato rings, which are silver, not Sheffield, plate.

As with pewter so with this ware, its manufacture was not confined to the place of its invention. It was made in Dublin at an early date, and later in London, Birmingham, and Nottingham, as well as Edinburgh and Glasgow. The author has compiled valuable lists of the

makers at these places. From England the process in a modified form crossed the Channel to France, Holland, and even to Russia, where a large number of ecclesiastical vessels were made for the ritual of the Orthodox Church. We remember seeing several lamps made of plated copper in Russian churches, and one at least is in use in the Russian Embassy church in London.

Mr. Veitch has omitted to mention the delightful old Sheffield plate made in America. We have seen many pieces with colonial furniture in such old places as Salem in Massachusetts. Much of it was no doubt made at Boston, where silver-plate had been wrought since the seventeenth century.

The book contains a valuable account of sham pieces of old Sheffield plate offered for sale not only in the old towns of England but also in New York and other American cities. The chapters on the technical manufacture of the ware, the illustrations of makers' marks and the long lists of makers, previously mentioned, will be found useful by the collector of this essentially English ware.

NOVELS.

"Beyond the Sky-line." By Robert Aitken. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

The short story is excellent as a production provided it has qualities other than shortness. Here we have a collection of short stories, and being long rather than short they are more than ordinarily excellent. The cheap magazine is now supposed to be the home of the short story; but the exigencies of the cheap magazine or the idiosyncrasies of the editors require that they should be very short, so that we have reached a period of decadence in the short story, which currently is devoid of character, incident, or reflection, leaving nothing but its shortness. The short story has been acquiring during recent years another characteristic, which, unfortunately, is largely represented in this collection. Nearly all of them suffer from the vague opening of the impressionist school. We imagine the author as a grandiloquent personage flirting fragments of ideas before the puzzled brain of the poor reader, requiring him to gather them up and piece them together. Readers occasionally tire of this, believing that it is the author's business to tell the story, and not the reader's to dig for it. Many a reader, we fear, will be deterred by the opening paragraph of the first story of this collection from turning over the page, and will thereby be the losers of much agreeable entertainment. The ends of the stories suffer from the same defect—affectation of the suggestive and tortuous description of the commonplace. There is drama enough in the ends of these stories to realise a thrill without having recourse to enigma; but what can any reader make of this passage: "He heard footsteps above him, and rising hurriedly, was aware of the dead girl's living face peering down upon him"? The dead girl, it may be mentioned, was lying by his side as he dug her grave. He had been with this dead form all night and yet he was aware of its "living face" peering down upon him. "Delilah", a story of the Boer war, has none of these defects, and its pathos is perfect of its kind. The same may be said of "The Brand of Cain", which in its plot is strikingly original; so also "The Unlighted Shrine". The scenes of the stories range over the whole half-civilised globe, and are typical of the white man's task, and how he is achieving it.

"When a Woman Woos." By Charles Marriott. London: Nash. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Charles Marriott is one of the most intellectual of our younger novelists. He has a grip on life, but his appeal is ever rather to the head than to the heart. He is somewhat cold and detached even in his most passionate passages. He interests by his skill; he arouses admiration by his masterly analysis of character; but he does not thrill the reader or stir his pulses. He is a little too dispassionate. He is so conscious always of the two sides to every question

that he will not press unduly his own point of view. In his horror of over-emphasis he seems sometimes a little colourless. "If only he would let himself go", one thinks perhaps, "if only sometimes he were blinded by prejudice or by passion"—well, we might love him better and admire him less. But then, what relief from the slipshod sentences of so many modern novelists to turn to his polished periods, his happy phrases! What a delightful sense of security possesses the reader as he passes pleasantly from page to page with the certain knowledge that nowhere will his most fastidious sense be outraged either by clumsy composition or confused thought! "When a Woman Woos" is a subtle psychological study. It is the story of a character who is a queer mixture of child-like innocence and womanly guile. In its fidelity, its insight into the intricate workings of a woman's mind the book is an achievement. Audrey Tregarthen is a real creation. She is true. By a skilful succession of happy touches Mr. Marriott has produced a life-sized portrait. The reader would recognise Audrey anywhere. Whether he loves her or whether he disapproves of her—and he may do both—he knows that she exists, and she will take her place in his mental kingdom with the other literary heroines who have their abode there. She is unforgettable. The novel is a fine instance of true realism as opposed to the stuff, alternately foul and glaring, which often passes under the name. "When a Woman Woos" is in many ways the best thing Mr. Marriott has done.

"The 'Half-Moon'." By Ford Madox Hueffer. London: Nash. 1909. 6s.

In spite of certain mannerisms which are apt to be a little trying at times, Mr. Hueffer is an excellent story-teller. He is almost always interesting, and his work has about it an aroma that makes it distinctive and memorable. There is nothing mean or niggardly in his methods. He paints always on a large canvas with a free hand, and he is not sparing of his colours. "The 'Half-Moon'" is an example of his methods at their best. It deals with the story of Edward Colman, a freeman of Rye, who in the early days of the reign of King James I. set sail for the New World in the "Half-Moon", and was the first European to die between the shores of the Hudson River. The author gives a very good picture of Rye in the seventeenth century, with its population of foreign Protestants, Dutch, German, and Huguenot. Interwoven with the tale of adventure is a pretty love-story.

"Sparks." By M. E. Ames. London: Thynne. 1908. 2s. 6d.

Clumsily commandeering a verse from Isaiah, the writer of this illiterate book means by "Sparks" Infidelity, Christian Science, Ritualism, Sacerdotalism and the "New Theology" (a few other sparks may have escaped us), all of which are completely extinguished in the course of some three hundred pages, in conversations between people of the sort who say "This is A!" when pleased. It is a pity that the scraps of Latin which in this story they are made to use were not corrected by someone with a knowledge of the language. We are less surprised to find that the spelling of Keble's name equally stumps this very ill-equipped author.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Douglas Cause." Edited by A. Francis Stewart. Glasgow: Hodge. 1909. 5s. net.

As the Tichborne case was the most famous known in England in which the right to a title and estates was contested, so the Douglas case was the greatest ever known in Scotland. In the Tichborne trial the point was the identity of an heir; in the Douglas the question was one of legitimacy. Lady Jane Douglas was heiress of Archibald Duke of Douglas. In 1746 she married secretly, at the mature age of forty-nine, Colonel John Stewart, and her marriage had not been disclosed when, in her fifty-first year, it was announced that she had given birth to twins, who became known as Lords Archibald and Sholto Douglas; the former being the claimant to

the Douglas title and estates. The Duke of Hamilton was the principal contestant, who declared that the whole story of the birth was false. The cause came on in 1761 on the death of Lady Jane's brother, and in the Court of Session and the House of Lords it lasted for eight years. It excited immense interest both in England and Scotland. The story was full of romance and mystery and alleged forgery and fraud. Two of the great Scottish families were concerned, and vast estates were at stake. Perhaps there was some Jacobite sympathy with the alleged son of the Jacobite Colonel Stuart, the Hamiltons and Douglasses being Hanoverians. This and the £100,000 of bets on the issue may have combined to stir up the Edinburgh mob to break the windows of the Scottish Judges who decided against young Archibald Douglas. And it was only by the casting vote of President Dundas that the opinions of fifteen Judges became an adverse judgment. The House of Lords reversed the decision, and the Scottish Judges again had their windows broken. It is to be noted that the witnesses were not examined and cross-examined in Court. The proceedings were carried on as they used to be in the Court of Chancery by documentary depositions and interrogatories. Boswell reports a conversation with Johnson on the case. Boswell was one of the Scottish counsel for the young Douglas, and he made the most of his rather undistinguished part in his accustomed manner. The reader will probably agree with Johnson's opinion that "a more dubious determination of any question cannot be imagined". The actual decision matters not now, but the story itself is one of the rarer dramas of life. And besides the drama, the editor has given us the chorus in the varied and from all points subtle judgments delivered by the whole Scottish Judicial Bench, including Kames and Monboddo, and by the finest judicial intellect of England in the persons of Lord Camden and Lord Mansfield.

"The Panama Canal and its Makers." By Vaughan Cornish. London: Unwin. 1909. 5s.

Mr. Cornish's book will be a disappointment to readers who go to it expecting to find evidence of American miscalculations and bungling in Panama. Holding the view that the Isthmus is "the most interesting place in the world" at this moment, he went out as an independent inquirer. His qualifications were ample. A doctor of science and a student of geography and geology, he wanted to see for himself what really is being done to pierce the neck of land which, as he says, has hitherto been a barrier between two oceans without being a bridge between two continents. He is able to report that the Panama Canal scheme is, in the language of America, "an honest proposition". By the time it is constructed it will possibly have cost \$500,000,000—that is more than five times as much as the Suez Canal—but the Americans have made a progress where others have failed, which would not be unworthy of the British engineering record in Egypt and elsewhere. There is indeed every prospect now that the Canal may be completed by 1915. The achievement of the Americans has not been in engineering only. They appear to have attacked successfully the malaria-distributing mosquito, so that the chief terror of the country is gradually being eliminated. To what extent Panama can ever be the home of the white man, Mr. Cornish does not attempt to say, but he seems to think that if the mothers and fathers can stand the climate the children will be safe. That surely is the reverse of the rule. White parents may pass their lives in certain climates without serious loss of vitality, but their children and their grandchildren become more and more inert. Manitoba, with its extremes of cold, to which Mr. Cornish refers, is not an analogy. However, there is no doubt that in Panama, as on the west coast of Africa, science is rendering possible much that a few years ago was regarded as hopeless. Mr. Cornish's account of the operations on the Canal and along its banks will appeal to both the scientific and the general reader. His snapshot illustrations do not help us much.

"The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio." London: Nutt. 1909. 4 vols. 60s.

Mr. Nutt issues as part of the Tudor Translations two volumes, the whole to be complete in four, of a reprint of the first practically complete edition of "The Decameron" in English. This edition appeared in 1620, so that it cannot be called a "Tudor" translation; but this is no great matter. The period is Stuart, when our language was magnificent for the translation of great books. No modern translation of the Bible could equal our Authorised Version. We may say of it what Mr. Edward Hutton says of "The Decameron" in his Introduction: it is translated "inaccurately, but very splendidly". It is the splendour, and not the accuracy, for which one values a reprint of this kind. This anonymous translator of Boccaccio is not famous as Florio or Urquhart are, but he has the qualities of the same period; and though modern translators have

been more "accurate" than they, our modern English seems tame. This edition is beautifully printed, and the volumes are very handsome. Its value is greatly increased, for English readers who are not acquainted with the Italian lives and criticism of Boccaccio, by the scholarly Introduction of Mr. Hutton. The best study in English, says Mr. Hutton, is by J. A. Symonds, and "It is, unfortunately, among the less serious works of that scholar". This Introduction is very different from the perfunctory Introductions which serve generally for reprints. It is worthy of the reputation of Mr. Nutt for soundly conscientious editions. But we are a little surprised that so many quotations are in Italian, without translation. This mystifies instead of enlightening the readers for whom Mr. Hutton specially intended his Introduction.

"The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith M.P." By Frank Elias. London: Clarke. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

It is an additional burden (if a minor one) to many others that a modern Prime Minister has to bear, that he should have to see his biography written during his lifetime. It is told of a noted Englishman, still living, that a pushful young man on the "Times" staff asked him on a brief acquaintance "for some materials towards his obituary notice". Mr. Asquith, who is really a modest man, would doubtless rather have known Mr. Elias was collecting his material with that (we hope distant) end in view. But as things are, he might have been worse treated than he has been by his present biographer, who refrains from intruding into private life, and has not followed his victim on to the golf course or recorded his remarks when "bunkered", as, if we remember right, a predecessor did. He is not offensive, only dull, and is as accurate and as little inspiring as the "Annual Register". On the whole Mr. Elias can be recommended to anyone who desires to know the bare facts of Mr. Asquith's career. But, according to the picture he has drawn, the Prime Minister was in his earlier years the most appalling prig that ever appeared among clever boys, and that we do not believe.

"The Love Affairs of Napoleon." Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. London: Lane. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

"Enchanters of Men." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. London: Methuen. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

Such books as these deserve no attention from any serious reader. They are made attractive in form and they abound in well-done photographs of the celebrated and notorious of many centuries, but one knows that they are essentially an unhealthy kind of book-making. Though there is no grossness, there is an exploiting of sex in these books which is disagreeable. It cannot be pretended that Napoleon's amours and indelicacies with women are historically important. His wives have their place in his serious life, but we can dispense with his mistresses treated as a separate topic at length. Miss Mayne has written her sketches of "The Royal Mistress", "The Courtesan", "The Royal Lady", "The Star", and "The Egeria" so cleverly that we must regret that she has not set herself, or been set, to do worthier sort of work.

"The Press Album." Edited by Thomas Catling. London: Murray. 1909.

The raison d'être of this volume is to help the Journalists' Orphan Fund. Mr. Catling describes in the Story of the Press Album how artists have lent paintings, drawings, and studies; authors have sent contributions, and other eminent men have sent autographs, and the publisher brought out the book free of charge. The stories and sketches are representative of many different kinds of talent of well-known writers and artists. One who buys the book cannot credit himself with a large balance of charity. He would get good value for his money; and we hope the Fund may benefit from the public appreciating this fact, and charity be benefited in any case.

"The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal." By A. E. Waite. London: Rebusman. 1909. 12s. 6d.

This book is a learned and fascinating inquiry into the mystery that lies embedded under the mediæval romances of the Holy Graal. The labour and research which its pages display are enormous. The author is equally at home in folklore, Masonry, Rosicrucianism and mediæval theology. His standpoint is that of a Christian mystic, and he brings out the essentially Catholic character of the ideal which inspired the early Graal romancers. His theory that these writers had in their minds the idea of a secret Church within the visible Church, with a hidden priesthood and a hidden Mass, is deeply interesting, and is well supported. At least he has shown that we must not allow Keltic students of folklore to suppose that they have in any degree solved the Graal problem. It is true, no doubt, that some elements of old folklore tales do reappear in the Graal legend.

Still this resemblance, as our author observes, no more explains the Graal mystery than does the fact that certain ecclesiastical ceremonies are adaptations of pre-Christian rites accounts for Christianity. Similarly it is impossible to explain the mystery of the Graal by trying to see in it an allegory of the differences between Keltic and Latin Christianity. The Kelt may fairly claim to have originated the Arthurian story, but the Graal legend is the common heritage of all Western Christianity.

THE MAY REVIEWS.

Events in Turkey moved rather too fast for the reviews. The "Fortnightly" alone makes reference to the deposition of Abdul Hamid, and even the "Fortnightly" was not sure at the moment of writing whether the "passing" was absolute. Contributors to the "English Review", the "Nineteenth Century", "Blackwood", the "National" and the "Contemporary" discuss the new situation in Turkey brought about by the military occupation of Constantinople, and wonder what will happen next. By the time the reviews were in the hands of the public the question had been answered. Mainly the topic of the month is the naval rivalry of Germany and Great Britain. "An Admiral of Fifty-one Years' Service" in "Blackwood" is rightly severe on Ministers whose neglect has again involved the necessity of providing for naval defence under panic conditions. "When two boats are rowing a race, the surest way for the leader to encourage her rival is to drop back deliberately, and try to keep just ahead of that rival. Human nature being what it is, the latter will immediately put forth an extra effort to secure the lead; and this has now been done by Germany in the matter of shipbuilding and gun-making". A very apt illustration. The "English Review" puts the matter in another way: We are positively encouraging aggression, it says. "For a wealthy, well-armed and strong man to walk along a thief-infested street and proclaim himself wealthy but unarmed and weak is simply to invite armed assault." The "National

(Continued on page 636.)

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Review" as usual makes German ambitions its principal feature: there are pages of editorial notes, a plea by Mr. H. W. Wilson for a comprehensive policy of national defence—in providing for which, apparently, he does not yet deem it essential to include airships—a long essay on the downfall of the British Empire taken from the German, and an article giving some sidelights on Germany's preparations for war. From the German writer of "Nach dem Sturm" we glean that whether England is defeated or victorious, she is bound to lose. The paper is in the form of an address delivered at the International University of Alexandria by Arabi Pasha in 1911. The British fleet is destroyed by airships—a contingency which Captain Tulloch in the "Nineteenth Century" regards as utterly remote—and England is at Germany's feet. But if she had survived, the philosophical historian in anticipation says, the growth of population in Europe would speedily have meant the overrunning of Asia and the loss of British empire in the East. Is it by such imaginings that the Germans assist to keep in view the end for which the German Navy League exists? Germany is not prepared to call a halt in her naval preparations: that is clear from the opinions of six well-known Germans on the situation given by Mr. Æneas O'Neill in the "Nineteenth Century". Mr. O'Neill has gone to men like Rear-Admiral Weber, Dr. Otto Arendt and Herr von Rath, and comes to the conclusion that for all effective parliamentary purposes the voices raised in Germany in favour of a naval understanding with Great Britain are a negligible quantity.

Mr. Wilson's opinion is that by taking measures that may prevent defeat we may hope to avoid war. In the rather unlikely pages of the "Contemporary" we find a certain confirmation of this view. "Many people perhaps", says "Conning Tower", "do not realise that the maintenance of the two-Power standard saved us from becoming involved in a European war at least twice within the last dozen years". "Conning Tower" derives hope from the attitude of the colonies during the present crisis. "The time is evidently approaching when their share of the burden of imperial defence will be freely accepted and regulated as a permanent charge. Our rivals can have no such support to fall back on for generations to come". The precise value of colonial co-operation depends upon conditions, of course. We are afraid that if the case for colonial navies is regarded from the point of view taken by Mr. D. D. Mann in regard to Canada, difficulties will be inevitable. Canadian loyalty is not in question; Canada wishes to provide some sort of naval auxiliary to the imperial fleet, but if she creates a navy she would not be ready to place it unreservedly at the command of the imperial authorities. Canada does not aim at naval independence, but she must be consulted before her navy could be used as part of an imperial force. In other words a decision on which everything might depend might have to be postponed till the Imperial Government was assured of the consent of the Canadian Government in the event of the Navy being called upon to act. Between that and independence the gulf is not very wide. "Vado" in the "Fortnightly" takes the right view. He outlines a scheme by which he thinks the colonies may best serve the purposes of imperial naval defence, and suggests that India and the Colonies should provide vessels to be used as scouts to the fighting squadron—a sort of naval "light cavalry" as he puts it. These vessels the Colonial Governments would be expected to place at the disposal of the imperial authority operating in their waters—indeed, says "Vado", "it could not be otherwise if thorough and systematic co-operation is to be attained—the great desideratum in all warlike operations whether afloat or on shore". If on the defence side there are good reasons to be urged why some definite arrangement should be made with the colonies, on the financial side, the case is not one whit less urgent. Mr. Ellis Barker in the "Fortnightly" does two things: first he argues that British taxation per head is heavier than German; second he urges that Great Britain is becoming increasingly unable to meet single-handed all imperial liabilities. The immediate duty of the next Unionist Government, he thinks, will be to call an Imperial Conference to settle the tariff question in a way which will not only improve business relations, but provide also for imperial defence on an equitable basis.

Among the purely literary contributions three are concerned with Swinburne: one in the "English Review" in which Swinburne is said to have been indifferent to the delicacies and subtleties of the present time, but the writer anticipates that "even in England a day will come when the once splendid name of Swinburne will once again be splendid among the names of the greater poets". Dr. Robertson Nicoll in the "Contemporary" says that Swinburne's reputation reached its height with "Songs Before Sunrise", but if his fame did not grow, he continued "to

develop new powers, to retain much of his magic, and in particular to show his supreme power as a metricist". The spirit of Swinburne's later years, Mr. Nicoll finds in a poem published in 1893, wherein he hails the flowers as

"Joyous children born of April's happiest hours", and shows Nature rejoicing in "the rapturous resurrection of the year". That Swinburne should have passed away in the very month which appealed to him most moves Mr. Alfred Noyes to some lines in "Blackwood" to this effect:

"This is my singing season", he cried,
'April, what sweet new song do you bring?'
April came and knelt at his side,
Breathing a song too great to sing—
Death—and the dark cage door swung wide:
Seaward the soul took wing".

Mr. Hagbert Wright in the "Contemporary" reviews a long list of French works on English poets. "A foreign country is as another age", so that some approach to a forecast of the judgment of posterity may be gained from Continental criticism". Whilst Mr. Wright is anxious to know what the foreigner thinks of us, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, in the "Fortnightly", is anxious that we should know more of the foreigner. He denies that England has ever been insular, but she appears to be slow, and the Modern Languages Association has come to quicken knowledge, appreciation and assimilation of thought and work in other countries. The Carlyle love-letters are noticed almost in a strain of enthusiasm by Mr. Justin McCarthy in the "Fortnightly". Mr. McCarthy achieves what might be regarded as the almost impossible feat of talking over some nine pages about the Carlyles without one reference to Froude; Mr. W. S. Lilly, on the other hand, in the "Nineteenth Century", takes the letters as a peg for a long article, every line of which aims at showing that they dispose once and for all of the "ignoble legend" of "grim tragedy" which was the product of Froude's "cynical imagination".

From Mr. W. B. Thomson's article in "Blackwood's" we are glad to learn that "the year round in Northern Nigeria" is made more tolerable by the SATURDAY. Maga's readers will no doubt note carefully Mr. Thomson's assurance that "if you are a man who likes to keep in touch with London, there is no better paper than the SATURDAY REVIEW".

For this Week's Books see page 638.



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THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Rhodesia Exploration and Development Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Dr. Hans Sauer (Chairman and one of the Joint Managers) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. James William Clark) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors, the Chairman said, taking the balance-sheet first, they would see that the nominal capital of the Company at December 31 was £280,000, and this had since been brought up to £300,000. The issued capital to date amounted to 278,731 shares, 10,000 shares having been issued at par since last year; 10,000 shares at 2s. 6d. premium per share and 4,500 shares at par to himself under his agreement as manager, leaving 21,269 shares in reserve, of which it had been agreed to issue 7,500 shares at the premium per share. Having referred to other items in the balance-sheet and profit and loss account, the Chairman said the net result of operations in what has been, for the most part, a stagnant and uncertain period is a profit of £10,501, which, added to the balance brought forward at June 30, 1907, gives a total credit balance of £25,149. He then dealt in some detail with the Company's principal assets, and concluded:

Summarising our present position, I may say that we have to-day cash in hand and shares sold £66,710; Government and other gilt-edged securities are worth £26,827; other realisable investments, at yesterday's making-up prices, £268,192; loans on security and debtors, £3,112, making, together, £364,841, as against our issued capital of £278,731. In addition, we have a large number of share holdings for which at present there is no market quotation, and which have undoubted value, representing another £182,000, or, in all, £540,000, and in these figures no account is taken of mining claims, lands, stands, and other interests. The progress of Rhodesia continues steadily upwards. The country itself has now reached a point where the administrative revenue exceeds the expenditure, and brings us a step nearer to the time when Rhodesia will be welcomed into the United States of South Africa. The potentialities of the country are becoming daily more apparent, and the favourable field open for the employment of capital is attracting active attention and support from other States in South Africa. In mining the increasing output of gold, which has risen in value from £2,178,886 in 1907 to £2,526,004 for 1908, a substantial advance has been made; but what is more satisfactory still is that the general developments in such important mines as the Giant, Eldorado, Globe and Phoenix, and Gaika are showing a permanence of value which give conclusive evidence of a successful future. Important discoveries continue to be made from time to time, and the addition of such highly payable mines as the Buck's Reef and the Lonely may be taken as indications of the prizes which, in such a widely-mineralised country, are still lying open awaiting prospecting and development. In this connection we have heard within the last few days that a remarkable discovery of banket has been made in one of the districts of Rhodesia, and the pay values are very high, extending over a very enormous width. The base metals of the country are an immense asset, the fringe of which is hardly yet touched. The mining prospects of the country are now attracting the active attention of the large financial houses on the Rand, several of whom have recently put a considerable amount of money into good mining ventures. You will see from the few particulars I have given you that in all Rhodesian affairs the aspect is improving, and with the general appreciation experienced we are able to make a distribution of an interim dividend of 5 per cent. I firmly believe that we have now passed through our leanest years, and that, given normal conditions, we can look to the future with every confidence. I now beg to move the adoption of the directors' report and accounts for the eighteen months to December 31, 1908.

Mr. J. Beear seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. At an extraordinary general meeting which was subsequently held the new articles of association submitted were approved.

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In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the
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immediately.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The Subscription List will be opened on Monday, May 17, 1909, and will close for London at 4 o'clock on Wednesday, May 19, 1909, and for the Country on Thursday, May 20, 1909, at noon.

THE LONDON AND RHODESIAN MINING AND LAND COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated in May, 1909, under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908)

CAPITAL £300,000,

In 300,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 122,500 will be allotted to the Vendors in part payment of the purchase-money.

150,000 Shares are now offered for Subscription at par:

Payable 5s. per Share on Application; 5s. per Share on Allotment; 5s. per Share on July 15; and 5s. per Share on October 15

No allotment will be made unless the whole 150,000 Shares are applied for.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. CHARLES WHITE, Fleet Farm House, Fleet, Hampshire, Gentleman. (A Director of the Giant Mines of Rhodesia, Limited, and a Director of the Enterprise Gold Mining and Estates Company, Limited, of Rhodesia.)
HERBERT DE LA RUE, Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, Gentleman. (A Director of the Enterprise Gold Mining and Estates Company, Limited.)
SAMUEL WEIL, 1 Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, London, Merchant. (Chairman of the Enterprise Gold Mining and Estates Company, Limited, and a Director of the Giant Mines of Rhodesia, Limited.)
JULIUS WEIL, 1 Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, London, Merchant. (A Director of the Enterprise Gold Mining and Estates Company, Limited.)

BANKERS.

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, Threadneedle Street, London, and Branches.
THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED, 10 Clement's Lane, London; Bulawayo, Gwelo and Salisbury, Rhodesia.

SOLICITORS.

HOLLAMS, SONS, COWARD AND HAWKSLEY, 30 Mincing Lane, London

BROKERS.

J. G. BONE AND SONS, 4 Copthall Court, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
C. MASSY AND CO., Post Office Chambers, and Stock Exchange, Cardiff.

AUDITORS.

DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS AND CO., 5 London Wall Buildings.

SECRETARY, TOM PRIEST, 32 Old Jewry, London.

REGISTERED OFFICES, 32 Old Jewry, London.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is promoted by the well-known South African Firm of Messrs. Julius Weil and Company, 1 Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, London, and South Africa, to acquire from them the following valuable properties:

(1) **199 Gold Claims in Southern Rhodesia**—179 of which are in the Kaiser Wilhelm Gold Belt, 125 miles east of Salisbury, and the remaining 20 are in the Lomagundi District. All these Gold Claims are held under License from the British South Africa Company, granted prior to Southern Rhodesia Ordinance No. 15 of 1908, thus giving the option and advantage of the right to commute the interest of the British South Africa Company or to pay Royalties, whichever may be considered preferable.

These Gold Claims were selected by Messrs. Julius Weil and Company, with the assistance of Mr. Ernest Edward Homan, who originally selected and prospect the Group of Claims comprising the Undertakings of the Enterprise Gold Mining and Estates Company, Limited, and the Giant Mines of Rhodesia, Limited.

A copy of Mr. Homan's report upon the 199 Gold Claims accompanies this Prospectus as an inset.

(2) **Certain Farm Lands**, comprising approximately 41,634 acres in the Districts of Salisbury, Gwelo, Charter, Victoria, and Marandellas.

The following is a short description of the Farm Lands, comprising the 41,634 acres:—

SALISBURY DISTRICT.—Golavary and Inyati	1,807 acres.
GWELO DISTRICT.—Missouri and Grove	9,740 acres.
CHARTER DISTRICT.—Galt, Hommarah, and Good Hope	11,766 acres.
VICTORIA DISTRICT.—Atoma and Short's Plot	3,560 acres.
MARANDELLAS DISTRICT.—Longlands	14,768 acres.
Total	41,634 acres.

These properties are regarded as well selected and have been acquired by Messrs. Julius Weil and Company from time to time, under the advice and assistance of Mr. Ernest Edward Homan, who had exceptional opportunities for selecting them.

(3) **Town Lots in Bulawayo, Salisbury, Gwelo, Victoria, Umtali and Melssetter**, as follows:

BULAWAYO—
Stands Nos. 339 and 340, containing 97 square rods, 44 square feet, in the Market Square, let at £180 per annum.
Stand No. 297, containing 97 square rods, 32 square feet, let at £96 per annum.
Stand near the railway, held under lease from the British South Africa Company, dated December 5, 1898, containing 566 square rods, 138 square feet, let under two tenancies at a rental of £114 per annum.
Stand No. 484, and two Half Stands, 531 and 214.

SALISBURY—
Stand No. 166, containing 41 square rods, 96 square feet, let at £150 per annum.
Nine stands Nos. 1022, 1029, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, and 16.

ALSO

Three Stands at Gwelo, Nos. 49, 50 and 59, two Stands at Umtali, Nos. 103 and 1006, two Stands at Melssetter, Nos. 236 and 246, and one Stand at Victoria, No. 345.

(4) **47,000 fully-paid shares of £1 each** in "The Linchwe Concession Company, Limited," the total capital of which is 100,000 shares of £1 each; but only 94,000 shares have been issued. The Linchwe Company was incorporated in 1899, and has acquired a concession, granted in 1898 by Linchwe, Chief of the Bakhatla tribe, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, to prospect for precious stones, gold, silver, platinum and other minerals throughout the territory of the Chief; and to mark off before July 22, 1913, for mining operations, one or more areas not to exceed in the aggregate 100 square miles, together with such wood, water, or other easements as may be necessary for the due working thereof. The rent payable to the Chief is £100 per annum. The concession was approved by the Imperial Government, subject to the condition that the areas to be marked off should not exceed four. The balance of the Issued Share Capital is held or controlled by the British South Africa Company.

(5) **59,000 fully-paid shares of £1 each** in The Imperial Gold Mines of Rhodesia, Limited, registered under Rhodesian Company Law, the total capital of which is £100,000, whereof 77,250 shares have already been issued. This Company owns 270 Base Metal Mining Claims in the Umtali District, Southern Rhodesia, and also 16 farms in the same district, containing about 47,000 acres.

The purchase price has been fixed by Messrs. Julius Weil and Company as the Promoters of and Vendors to the Company at £142,500, payable as to £20,000 in cash and £122,500 in fully paid Shares of the Company.

In connection with the selection and location of some of the above gold claims the Vendors have bought out prospecting and other interests from the following, viz.: Leonard Homan, August 26, 1903, for £250; Max Bornkessel, September 13, 1906, for £200; Newman Smith, March 11, 1909, for £500; J. J. Nias, March 17, 1909, for 500 fully-paid shares in the capital of the Company at par; and E. E. Homan, for £6,000 cash and £8,000 shares in the capital of the Company under letter dated March 17, 1909, addressed by him to the Vendors, and replied to on the following day.

Mr. Samuel Weil and Mr. Julius Weil are both interested in the promotion of the Company as partners in the above-mentioned firm of Julius Weil & Co., each having a third interest in the said partnership.

The whole of the 150,000 shares now offered for subscription have been underwritten. The underwriting letters are addressed to Mr. Julius Weil, as trustee for the Company, and are all dated in the present month. The Company is paying to the underwriters a commission of 10 per cent. as to one moiety in cash, and as to the other moiety in fully-paid Shares in the capital of the Company, and to Brokers who procure underwriters 6d. a share.

The Vendors will pay the expenses incidental to the formation of the Company, including the issue of this Prospectus, and advertising and legal charges, but the Company will pay the duties on the registration of the Company and the transfer of the assets, also the underwriting commission and brokerage.

The preliminary expenses are estimated to amount to £24,500, which includes the above-mentioned underwriting commission and brokerage and the above expenses payable by the Vendors.

By Agreement dated May 14, 1909, made between Julius Weil and Company of the one part, and the Company of the other part, the firm has agreed to act as Managers of the Company for a period of five years from the date on which the Company shall become entitled to commence business, at a salary of £2,500 per annum and 10 per cent. of the net profits of the Company of each year remaining after payment in that year to the Members of a dividend of £10 per cent. on the amount paid on their shares. No Member of the firm is to receive from the Company any further remuneration by virtue of his being a Director of the Company. Messrs. Julius Weil & Co. bind themselves to give the Company the offer to purchase during the period of their management at cost any properties situate in Rhodesia that may be offered to or acquired by them.

An Agreement dated May 14, 1909, has been made between Julius Weil, Samuel Weil, and Benjamin Bartle Weil, trading as Julius Weil & Company of the one part and the Company of the other part, being the Agreement for sale. The subscription to the present issue will, it is anticipated, provide a working capital of not less than £110,000, which the Directors consider ample for the purposes of equipping and developing the Mining properties, and to leave considerable surplus in hand for farming operations, and for the erection of additional buildings on some of the town lots.

The following are the provisions of the Articles of Association as to the qualification and remuneration of Directors:—
66. The qualification of every Director shall be the holding of shares of the Company of the nominal value of £250. A first Director may act before acquiring his qualification, but shall in any case acquire the same within two months from his appointment, and unless he shall do so he shall be deemed to have agreed to take the said shares from the Company, and the same shall be forthwith allotted to him accordingly.

67. The Directors other than the said Samuel Weil and Julius Weil, shall each be paid out of the funds of the Company by way of remuneration for their services at the rate of £200 per annum, and such further sums as the Company may in General Meeting from time to time determine.

83. If any Director shall be required to perform extra services, or go or reside abroad, or shall otherwise be specially occupied about the Company's business he shall be entitled to receive a remuneration to be fixed by the Board, or at the option of such Director by the Company in General Meeting, and such remuneration may be either in addition to or substitution for his remuneration under the last preceding Article.

Mr. Homan will have the conduct and management of the affairs of the Company in Rhodesia.

The Vendors will pay a Brokerage of 3d. per share on allotments made to applicants (other than Underwriters) whose applications bear Brokers' stamps.

A copy of the Company's Memorandum of Association is printed in the fold of the Prospectus.

Application will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange in London for a settlement in and quotation of the Company's shares.

Applications for Shares should be made upon the form accompanying the Prospectus and sent to the Company's Bankers, the London City and Midland Bank, Limited, 5 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or to one of its Branches; or to the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, 10 Clement's Lane, London, E.C.; or to the Offices of the Company, such applications being accompanied by a remittance of the amount of the deposit on the number of Shares applied for.

If the whole number of Shares applied for by any Applicant be not allotted, the deposit, or such part thereof as will suffice, will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment. Applicants to whom no allotment is made or whose deposit is beyond that required to meet the further payment on allotment will receive back their deposits or such excess as the case may be without deduction.

Failure by any allottee in payment at the due date of any instalment will render the allotment liable to cancellation and the deposit to forfeiture.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and the above-mentioned Agreements and letters, and the underwriting letters, as also a report by Mr. Homan, may be seen at the offices of the Solicitors, Messrs. Hollams, Sons, Coward and Hawksley, 30 Mincing Lane, London, during usual business hours, until the closing of the subscription list.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers of the Company and at the Offices of the Company.

Dated May 15, 1909.

THIS FORM MAY BE USED.

The London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Company, Limited.

(Incorporated in May, 1909, under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

Issue of 150,000 Shares of £1 each.

No.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Directors of

THE LONDON AND RHODESIAN MINING AND LAND COMPANY, LTD.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the sum of £..... being 5s. per share on shares of the above-named Company, I request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I agree to accept the same or any less number you may allot to me upon the terms of the Prospectus of May 15, 1909, and to pay the balance of 15s. per share as thereby provided; and I authorise you to place my name on the Register as the holder of the said shares.

Signature

Name (in full)

Please write

Address

distinctly.

Description

Date

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